NATIONAL REVIEW

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May 21, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Case of the Missing U-2

JAMES BURNHAM

Stuart Symington: Everybody's Second Choice

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Jambalaya in the Crayfish Bayou

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

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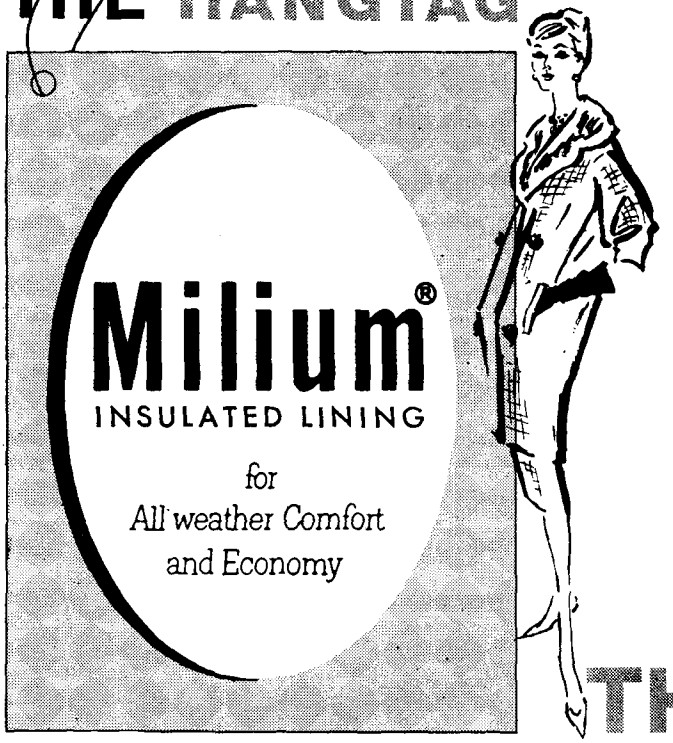

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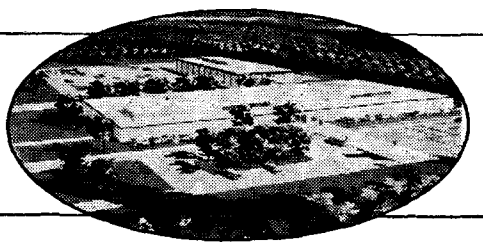

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher
EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell James Burnham
John Chamberlain Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones
ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke
CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbott Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills
FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh

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For the Record

The question is pretty academic, but Fidel Castro was once (1956) refused visa to U.S. because of Communist activity. . . . When one of Castro's present cabinet ministers was arrested in Mexico in 1956, Soviet Embassy interceded with authorities for his release. . . . Castro's economic commissar, Ernesto "Che" Guevara, according to Senate Internal Security Subcommittee witness, was planted in Cuban revolutionary movement by a Caribbean C. P. apparatus especially trained for subversion in Prague. . . . It's not confirmed, but Chinese Communist pilots are reported flying for Cuban air force.

Senators Dodd (Conn.) and Keating (N.Y.) headed bipartisan delegation that called on State Department to press issue of freedom for Eastern Europe at Summit kaffeeklatsch. . . . New York State's security risk law, passed during Korean War to keep subversives out of key government posts, expires on June 30. . . . Congressman Bruce Alger (R. Tex.) says that under terms of $251 million Area Redevelopment Act (Ike will veto it) workers in summer resort areas could apply for federal subsidies rest of the year. . . . Congressman James Davis (Ga.) points out that 76 Georgia counties are designated as "distressed areas" in bill, but ten out of eleven Georgia congressmen opposed it. . . . Senator Williams' motion to investigate the charges by Drew Pearson against Adam Clayton Powell Jr. failed to get Senate approval.

Hawaii's Senator Long very active in move to repeal loyalty oath provision of Defense Education Act. . . . But counteraction growing. Particularly successful, H. C. Bailey of Hartford, Conn., who is enlisting college graduates and alumni in campaign to retain the oath. . . . Cook County (Chicago) Young Republicans (nation's largest) adopt conservative platform: abolition of farm supports, non-recognition Red China, resumption nuclear tests, "study of advisability" of continuing U.S. participation in UN. . . . Florence Fowler Lyons, UNESCO monitor extraordinary, now putting out newsletter on UNESCO (Box 215, Montrose, Calif.).

Third printing of Senator Goldwater's The Conscience of a Conservative is 50,000 copies. First two printings sold out before they left bindery. . . . William L. White's description of Vice President Nixon's "progressive conservatism" slogan: "It's a hermaphroditic goal."

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The WEEK

● "He may very easily win, and perhaps by a great margin." So said columnist Joseph Alsop of Hubert Humphrey in West Virginia on the evening of the primary. And so said other peripatetic correspondents and pollsters after climbing the West Virginia mountains for weeks on end. The complete eclipse of the pulse-takers by Kennedy's unexpectedly whopping victory recalls the fate of the pollsters who confidently predicted a Dewey victory in 1948. Maybe our newspaper editors will learn the lesson by 1968: that both the reporters and the reported-on were better in the old days, when a concern for principles and character was considered more important than the attempt to put "science" into the game of anticipating the vote.

● The victory of Senator Kennedy in West Virginia may prove decisive. It is not a victory he has any reason to be proud of, for his political rhetoric, while perhaps not quite so debased as Humphrey's, reached a level of vulgarity ("17 million Americans go to bed hungry every night") qualitatively related to the ignorant attacks on Catholicism the Senator so vociferously deplored. Still, in an age when we have learned to split an atom, we have developed instruments refined enough to measure elusive political differences, and Humphrey, who is left of Kennedy, is out; and that is good news.

● Attorney General William P. Rogers has wasted no time in enforcing this year's Civil Rights Act: Four counties in various Southern states have been asked to make their records available to the Justice Department, which has the right to inspect them under the new law. Mr. Rogers' curiosity has been aroused by the singular fact that no Negroes in the four counties have registered to vote, even though they outnumber the whites in all of them. The Southerners, however, have their little ways, and Mr. Rogers' curiosity may have to go unsatiated. Already a South Carolina county official says he has "nothing to hide"; he knew of no previous requirement for keeping records, and apparently there aren't any.

● C. L. Johnson, a Lockheed engineer who designed the U-2 which the Soviets say they shot down from 65,000 feet with a remarkable new rocket, tells us that the first photo of the wrecked spy plane is probably a picture of the remains of a Beagle bomber. We welcome the official acceptance of Mr. Johnson's skepticism about Soviet scientific boasts, pausing only to regret that the Lockheed designer is not also a returned space traveler. Some day we will find a man to corroborate our conviction that the Soviet shot of the hindside of the moon is actually a photomontage made from a slab of green cheese.

● The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has just released a brilliant study of "Khrushchev's Strategy and its Meaning for America", prepared by the Foreign Policy Research Institute. Senator Eastland, the Subcommittee chairman, justly notes that it displays both "scholarship and simplicity, a combination not often found in research works." By a detailed assessment of the record, the authors prove that Khrushchev's "peaceful coexistence" and "disarmament" campaigns are only tactical and propaganda variants of classic Bolshevik strategy. They are shown to be a psycho-political operation to weaken the enemy in the face of the developing Revolution, whose victory is to be completed—as Khrushchev believes no less than Lenin, Stalin or Mao—by force, violence and military power. A detailed analysis of Khrushchev's visit to America includes a statistical account of the themes of his public remarks and an illuminating reconstruction of the "fabric" of his argument. Admirable reading for all Summiteers.

● Most recent enthusiasts for Goldwater for Vice President: the Wyoming Young Republicans and the Cook County (Chicago) Young Republicans. They join those polled by the D.C. College YR's and the Midwest Federation of College Young Republicans, which represents 15,000 YR's in 17 states. A national organization of Youth for Goldwater for Vice President, with headquarters at Suite 840, 30 North La Salle Street in Chicago, has been formed. Its chairman is Robert Croll, a student doing research at Northwestern University.

● In connection with the investigation of American overseas information programs by a Presidential Committee, the American-Asian Educational Exchange sent out a memorandum to members of its Asian Advisory Board seeking their comments on the U.S. Information Agency and related activities. Reporting from Tokyo, Dr. Tetsuzo Watanabe, President of the Free Asia Association, made the following points: 1) U.S. anti-Communist propaganda needs focus; 2) it would improve by concentrating first on the leading university professors, scholars, critics and newspapermen—by acquainting them with the implications of Marxist-Leninist theory, with the Soviet Union's military-minded production base, with Comintern tactics internationally, with living conditions in the USSR and the satellite countries, with the record of Soviet aggression since 1917, with re-

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ports of Soviet treaty violations; 3) USIS should compile, and make available at cheap prices, a comprehensive list of books, publications and articles defining the differences between the West and Communism. In short, the nation isn't selling its case properly. Do we believe in our product?

● The sequence of events is as follows: 1. Voice of America builds and proceeds to operate several radio transmitters in the Free Port of Tangiers. 2. Morocco annexes Tangiers. 3. In subsequent negotiations, Morocco authorizes VOA to transmit its program to Eastern Europe through 1963 in return for 80 hours of air time a week. 4. Each country agrees not to broadcast any material which would prove "embarrassing" to the other. 5. Morocco proceeds to beam violently anti-French broadcasts to Algeria (with a few cracks at the United States *en passant*). 6. The French Government, which dislikes hearing its president labelled a "murderer," particularly over U.S. radio transmitters, protests to the State Department which is, 7. Aghast. *Question*: If the State Department officials who negotiated this deal didn't realize that this might happen, why didn't they? And if they did, why did they?

● When the National Associations of Wine, Spirits and Beer of both the Inner Six and Outer Seven agreed to attend a first annual conference at Strasbourg the other day, advocates of a united pickled Europe were greatly encouraged. Then came the hangover, when the next morning the wine and spirits men rammed through a resolution suggesting "that the future European status of beer be disassociated from that of wine and spirits."

● On or about June 1, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee will begin executive hearings on the many unanswered questions posed by the mysterious death of Povl Bang-Jensen. A UN diplomat, Bang-Jensen refused to reveal the names, given him in confidence, of 81 Freedom Fighters who told him the story of the Hungarian uprising and its suppression. In 1958, a number of Soviet citizens working at United Nations headquarters approached him and revealed their desire to defect to the U.S. Bang-Jensen tried repeatedly to discuss the matter with Allen Dulles, Director of the CIA; but he failed. And in due course the Soviet government heard about the operation and ordered the defectors back to Russia, where, undoubtedly, they were promptly dispatched to a better world. Then, on November 26, 1959, Bang-Jensen was found, quite dead, lying in a Queens park. Many mysterious circumstances surrounding his death have never been explained, by the police, by the CIA, by any one. The Internal Security Subcommittee takes the position that aspects of the case bear on the security of the nation, *e.g.*, information presumably possessed by Bang-Jensen relating to Soviet subversion in the UN, the unconscionable sluggishness of the CIA, etc. Robert Morris' comment: This could be "bigger than the Hiss case."

● The worm has really turned this time. Tired of losing their sales to voracious motion picture producers, book publishers are striking back by copying Hollywood techniques. Less than six months after the first Aromarama motion picture with appropriate smells, Monarch Books has announced a new line of perfumed paperbacks—covers covered with a scent "that will cling to books for many months after they are produced and put on sale." Three Monarch books, *The Enemy General, The Stranglers of Bombay,* and *The Brides of Dracula* will come off the press reeking of "Chanel No. 5 type perfume." Monarch westerns will be swabbed with a saddle leather smell; Monarch cookbooks will waft the scent of fresh-made bread and seasoning herbs. The idea has endless possibilities (political biographies could be served up redolent of creamed corn), but *our* Book Review editor insists that any such book arriving in *his* office will be promptly deodorized—and we have the reviewers who can do it, too!

● The progressive vulgarization of *Life* magazine over the past twelve months is being widely remarked, but it is not known whether the recent personnel changes at Time, Inc., will check or accelerate the movement. The new publisher is Mr. C. D. Jackson, public relations man extraordinary, former Psywar aide to President Eisenhower, and renowned in New York as perhaps Number One operator about town. He came in the week *Life* featured the elopement of Gambi and whatever the Rumanian's name is—all expenses paid by *Life*. That same week *Life* ran an oh-so-sophisticated ad in the college papers, a long, long column of copy describing the current issue ending with exactly these words: "*Life* has produced many many a better issue. But the magazine can't be blamed. Nothing happened last week. For Christ's sake go out and do something." Evidently the advertising department of *Life* has come to the conclusion that he-man blasphemy will sell *Life* in the colleges. Well, we bend to the will of *Life's* advertisers, and will indeed go out and do something: we are writing the new publisher to ask for his comment on this new technique for attracting college readers.

● Will someone please explain why it is A Bad Thing to apply economic sanctions to Cuba (we mustn't punish the Cuban people for the errors of their leaders!) but A Good Thing to boycott the Union of South Africa?

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Silence Upstairs

The idea of a Summit meeting is not innately wrong. Not even when it can be demonstrated, as it can in most of our dealings with the Soviet Union, that "there is nothing to discuss." There may be nothing whatever to discuss; no reason whatever for appeasing Soviet lusts, to effect an Eased Tension.

But there is always plenty to talk about which has nothing to do with appeasement. James Burnham in his column in the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW elaborated just what kind of thing the President of the United States might profitably talk about at a Summit conference. There, with the spotlight on him and all the world for an audience, he might talk about the world Khrushchev tyrannizes over, about the resolve of Americans to hurl every thunderbolt in the skies at Khrushchev's Russia before we would accept the humiliation of living the life of a typical Russian or Chinese or Hungarian. He could talk about our resolve to press, all over the world, for a mobilization of the moral energies of all free peoples, everywhere, to hold out the hope of relief to the captive nations. There is plenty that could be said at the Summit.

But one's prognosis must be based on a knowledge of the patient, and alas, the prognosis is pessimistic.

Mr. Eisenhower will go surrounded by experts on the Soviet Union, most of whom attended the same school that graduated the experts who have been yakking away while Communism took over half the world. They will be arguing in behalf of the same old school solutions, and the President will in all probability repeat their banalities, express himself on the subject of peace (he is for it), and, after a while, leave, having deputized a few commissions to look doggedly for Ariadne's thread through the labyrinthine mind of Soviet Communism. During those days Mr. Khrushchev, from the lofty platform that Mr. Eisenhower has provided him, will speak continuously to the people of the world, over the heads of their leaders, and his message will be always the same: he is the peacemaker; the West is diseased and indecisive and ambivalent; it would do better to give up now, rather than put it off and off, and run the risk of destroying humanity.

We do believe that Mr. Eisenhower generates a certain moral force. It is not strong enough, alas, to split the shackles of Hungarian prisoners. But it has its effects. We should prefer that Mr. Eisenhower, rather than spending his time reiterating the platitudes, should arrive and just sit there, and say not a single word: that way his moral force can irradiate, without getting lost in the syntactical maze that envelops all things when the President opens his mouth. Just sit: and stare at Khrushchev every time Khrushchev foams and blusters, just sit amidst the rodomontade; and his presence would be felt.

Or:—the thought is intoxicating—will *it* happen? Will the President of the United States, in the plenitude of his career, rise up from Liberalism, and speak those truths that crumble walls and fight their way through encysted hearts and cynical minds? Could he have a surprise waiting for us?

Perhaps not; but spare us your criticisms for daring to think it, gentle readers. If it is true that in America every boy can dream of being President, then can't *we* dream that Eisenhower could be a great President?

From Deep Within America

As the news of the wandering U-2 broke in waves, our press and oracles put on a display of abject groveling that set a new depth record. "Heavy blow," "melancholy defeat," "political disaster," "dreadful setback," wailed the editorials and the columns. Now, they whined, we would have to go to the Summit with our tail between our legs, and gnaw whatever bones Khrushchev was kind enough to toss us.

Our President, his Secretary of State and the chiefs of our Congress spoke with a very different voice. This time we had reason to be proud of our leaders.

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Calmly, without any rush of panic, in tones not provocative or strident but unmistakably firm and loyal, they answered our enemies without and our triflers within. They had good reason to be both calm and firm, for they could see what will be evident to everyone before long: that Khrushchev's gambit has backfired; that what has been exposed is his weakness, not ours. What would we and the world have said if it was his planes that had roamed the skies of our country for four years?

Read the words we print here from Secretary Herter's declaration. That is the way a man speaks.

A Moment of Truth

From the statement of Secretary of State Christian Herter, May 9:

. . . The Soviet leaders have almost complete access to the open societies of the free world and supplement this with vast espionage networks. However, they keep their own society tightly closed and rigorously controlled. With the development of modern weapons carrying tremendously destructive nuclear warheads, the threat of surprise attack and aggression presents a constant danger. This menace is enhanced by the threats of mass destruction frequently voiced by the Soviet leadership.

. . . I will say frankly that it is unacceptable that the Soviet political system should be given an opportunity to make secret preparations to face the free world with the choice of abject surrender or nuclear destruction.

The Government of the United States would be derelict to its responsibility not only to the American people but to free peoples everywhere if it did not, in the absence of Soviet cooperation, take such measures as are possible unilaterally to lessen and to overcome this danger of surprise attack. In fact, the United States has not and does not shirk this responsibility.

Opening of a Door

So deeply buried under the U-2 headlines that it was quite generally overlooked, there was a White House statement last week that may mean little enough, but could prove in the end to be more newsworthy than the misadventures of Pilot Powers. The President announced that the United States will proceed with Project Vela, a program of "research and development directed toward an improved capability to detect and identify underground nuclear explosions." Now to develop the capability to detect underground nuclear explosions, you have to set them off. And this Project Vela will do. The unbroken test ban which the nation imposed on itself on October 31, 1958 is to be lifted.

Of course, Vela will not include "weapons devices" —as first Mr. Hagerty and then the President carefully explained. "These tests are not weapons tests" —we quote Mr. Hagerty's exact words—"as such." Still, as the "as such" so eloquently suggests, the makers and users of weapons will no doubt be interested in the results. Vela will also, even if not admittedly, be of import to Project Plowshare, the objective of which is the development of peaceful civilian uses of nuclear explosives. Not the least absurd aspect of the test ban is its blockade of research into the immense potential of these civilian uses—as if airplane flights had been banned in 1908 because planes could carry weapons.

We are still a long way from rationality on the whole matter of nuclear testing, but with the announcement of Vela we at least unzip the straitjacket. For this relief much thanks should go to the platoon of patriotic scientists who, when they saw that they could not check the Administration's folly in offering an "adequately inspected" test ban, stubbornly persisted in their struggle to prove that "adequate inspection" is, for all practical purposes, impossible. At hearings conducted last month by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, even Dr. Hans Bethe, admirer of Dr. Oppenheimer and chief sponsor of the idea of a test ban, was compelled to admit, on the evidence assembled by the Edward Teller group, that an adequate detection network would have to include 600 stations inside the Soviet Union. Even with such a network, explosions up to five times the power of the Hiroshima bomb could be concealed. The testimony from the scientists virtually eliminates any chance that the Senate would approve a test ban treaty, even if the President should sign one.

It is a fact that the world needs an inspection and control system sufficient to police all nuclear explosions. The Administration has so far refused to face the further fact that the world will not get such a system until the decision is made whether the Communists or we are going to run it.

Cleopatra

The Cleopatra, a ship flying the flag of the United Arab Republic, has been picketed in New York Harbor by a local of the Seafarers International Union which objects officially to the politics of Nasser in discriminating against U.S. ships that touch at Israeli ports and unofficially to rough Egyptian treatment of American seamen at Port Said. The Arab world retaliates by suggesting that U.S. ships had better keep out of Arab harbors. In the ensuing uproar the union's president, Paul Hall, is reminded that he is trenching upon the domain of

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the State Department, whose business it is to try to make Nasser behave.

It looks as if Mr. Hall had overstepped his bounds, particularly when all unions respect all picket lines no matter who's picketing where for what. This way, a single local of a single union can decide the country's foreign policy. But, then, what of Scripps-Howard columnist Inez Robb, who has announced that she will purchase no goods originating in South Africa until *apartheid* is defunct? What of those among us who would think twice before buying kerchiefs from Red China, or typewriters originating in East Germany?

It's a ticklish situation. But as long as the First Amendment to the Constitution remains unrepealed, the State Department diplomats will have to do their best to make out even when protesting citizens give them plenty of headaches. That's what we pay them for.

Sub-Plot in Paris?

Soviet strategists must surely have asked themselves the question in recent months: What can we come up with which will divide the United States during an election year? Things have been going well for Soviet foreign policy in the months since Dulles died, and the Republican Party has moved over to where the Democratic Party had been, on a number of important issues. If Mr. Eisenhower had not yielded to pacifist and collaborationist pressures, an issue of the campaign would have been whether to resume nuclear testing—of weapons, not just of seismographs. Another issue might have been fought on whether Khrushchev should be invited to the United States—but Khruschev has come and gone, and the world has already benefited by whatever it was supposed to have benefited from on account of the visit. . . . On Berlin both the Republicans and Democrats have thus far, to their credit, stood firm. On China it looks as though Democrats and Republicans will continue to oppose recognition, though the Democratic guard is shaky. Everybody is for foreign aid, for cultural and economic exchange. . . .

But surely the Soviet Union can find a way to exploit the relative leftwardness of the Democratic Party? What can it come up with, at Paris, to which Eisenhower will say no, and Stevenson yes, giving birth to a foreign policy issue for the election? If there is an answer, it will be known next week.

Bound Volumes

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Notes at an ADA Convention

May 6-8, and the annual conclave of Americans for Democratic Action in Washington's plush Shoreham Hotel. Not much enthusiasm or excitement. Not even any folk dancers, the usual entertainment at left-wing *jeux d'esprit*. The spirit of the thirties is spent.

There was Harvard's Dr. Samuel H. Beer recounting his travels over the past year as ADA chairman ("I hope Pusey doesn't find out how much time I spend on this"). And Maurine Neuberger's long, long list of evils in America she will work to eliminate if elected Senator. ("I personally have no use for people who fear their government," she informed the delegates, and Senator Joseph Clark also felt that "the federal government is not our enemy, it is our friend . . . It will do what we tell it to do.")

Then there was a trip to the Embassy of Ghana and a talk by Curtis Murphy, student leader of the Nashville sit-in strikes, but very few Negroes were present among the delegates. Applause for Joseph L. Rauh Jr., but especially for Norman Thomas. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. as master of ceremonies. A financial report of $108,691 income for the year, and deficit spending to the amount of $8,701 (but they owed it to themselves). A dinner in honor of Reinhold Niebuhr, a founder of ADA, on the occasion of his retirement from Union Theological Seminary. Literature on Humphrey, a higher minimum wage, and suffrage for the District of Columbia. Applause and table-thumping for Senator Clark when he cried, "We need an Administration in the White House which has a moral conviction," but embarrassment that the dinner had to start with an invocation. Senator Clark's frank call for "an abandonment of our national sovereignty" in the field of enforced arms inspection ("We cannot have our cake and eat it too"). And a foreign policy recommendation that "moral and political support" be given only to "democratic regimes . . . and not to the dictators," yet urging "patience and restraint" with Castro.

Yes, the delegates had plenty to do and to say, and the inconsistencies were still in abundance, but they were the inconsistencies of defective intellect rather than of the hurried rush of a forward-moving

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cause. One got the impression of attending a conference of the Sons and Daughters of the New Deal, basking in their former glories but painfully unable to adjust to the realities of the present. You could see it in their faces. D.F.

What a Small Planet We Live On, Uncle John!

It's getting so you never can tell where the next coincidence is coming from! Take the other day, for instance. We were lunching with a business acquaintance, a prominent resident of Lima, Peru, here on business. For no particular reason—just because "Lima" happened to bring it to mind—we asked our friend, "Did you ever meet an American named John P. Davies in Lima?"

Some of our readers will remember that John Paton Davies was, several years ago, the subject of a heated national controversy. For many years he had served as a Foreign Service officer in the State Department, and was stationed in China during the Communist struggle for power. Ambassador Patrick Hurley, after personal experience of Davies' work there, denounced him and it, deploring his "sell-out of an ally." In its 1952 report on the Institute of Pacific Relations, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee concluded that Davies had "testified falsely before the Subcommittee in denying that he recommended the Central Intelligence Agency employ, utilize and rely upon certain individuals having Communist associations and connections." In April 1953, the new Administration shifted Davies from a top post in Berlin to a relatively minor post at our Embassy in Lima. In November 1954, on the unanimous recommendation of a five-member hearing board, Secretary Dulles fired Davies from the State Department on the ground that he "lacked judgment, discretion and reliability."

To get back to lunch. "Why, yes," the visitor from Peru replied to our random question. "I know John Davies. I met him not long after he arrived in Lima, when he was still a Secretary at your Embassy. After Dulles dismissed him, he stayed on in Peru, and he still lives in Lima."

"Oh," we said. "What does he do?"

"I don't know exactly—he uses a furniture store as a front."

The term surprised us. "Why do you say 'front'?"

"Well, I *assume* it's a front for *something*," explained the Latin American visitor. "The store obviously doesn't make enough money to keep going otherwise."

"A funny thing happened to me a while ago in connection with John Davies," he went on. "It was in early 1958, I think, or maybe 1957. An American telephoned me, introduced himself as 'Frank Wisner'—a name I had never heard before—and said he had a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. After talking a while this Mr. Wisner asked if I would have cocktails with him and a few others that evening, and when I asked where, he said at the Embassy. Well, when I got there, there were about two dozen guests altogether. The Ambassador was out of the country at the time, and what was so curious was that John Davies and his wife were acting as host and hostess. I sat for some time with Mrs. Wisner. She kept telling me how wonderful John Davies was, as fine a man as was ever in the Foreign Service, and how he was slandered, maligned and mistreated."

Frank Wisner's name has also appeared from time to time on these pages. In 1957-58 he was Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Is the CIA giving out unemployment insurance to Americans fired by the State Department as security risks?

Notes and Asides

Every now and again, we remind our subscribers of an elusive fact of life in magazine publishing; and the time has come to do it again. If you are a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW, you must not be vexed if you receive a half dozen invitations to subscribe next week. Granted, it is annoying; and subscribers are easily convinced by the repeated solicitations of the inefficiency and profligacy of our circulation and promotion department.

The point is this: it is much, much costlier to check a large list of potential subscribers against our present mailing list than it is to pay for the duplications. If we buy a list of ten thousand names, it may include one hundred NR subscribers. But to check those ten thousand against our thirty thousand to find those hundred is a herculean task which would cost more than we could possibly afford, and one hundred times more than the cost of one hundred unnecessary mailings. So please bear up, and forgive the nuisance. The editor of NATIONAL REVIEW has received eight invitations to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW since Christmas. He follows the practice of subscribing, each time that happens, in behalf of a friend. He, of course, will go to heaven.

The continuing attention being given to the theses of *The Affluent Society* prompts us to have a second look at the economic and social generalizations of Professor J. Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard. Our first review was by Professor Colin Clark of Oxford ("The Horrible Proposals of J. K. Galbraith," Octo-

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ber 11, 1958). The next will be by Professor David McCord Wright of McGill University; and we shall publish it as soon as we have finished our series on the Presidential aspirants.

Mr. Bozell's column (May 7) suffered at a decisive point from the kind of typographical error that not only befuddles but misleads. The final word of his analysis of Robert Morris' defeat was not "conservative," as appeared in the magazine, but "Democrat." The point of the analysis was that the New Jersey primary showed that in technical political terms, it is easier to elect conservatives to Congress when there is a Democrat in the White House than a Liberal Republican. Therefore, Mr. Bozell was saying, to the extent conservatives approach the Presidential election with the point in mind of building conservative strength in Congress, they will wish for the defeat of any Liberal Republican Presidential candidate, *e.g.*, Mr. Nixon.

In This Issue

. . . we feature an analysis of U-2 by JAMES BURNHAM, putting forward a hypothesis we have not, as we go to print, seen elsewhere. . . . WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER, who wrote so memorably a few months ago on the grandiloquent vapidities of Henry Steele Commager, declares war against the Census Taker. . . . NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR., a native of Louisiana, describes the end of Ole Earl Long. . . . JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, who wrote in the last issue about Senator Humphrey, and evidently polished him off, gives us, this week, Senator Stuart Symington, whose campaign for the Presidency may last another few weeks. RUSSELL KIRK discusses the classroom shortage. Mr. Kirk, by the way, will spend the entire twelve-month beginning in April at his home in Mecosta, Michigan, to "finish six or seven books I'm working on." Russell Kirk has one of those fabulous memories, so helpful if you set out to write seven books simultaneously. During the war he served for a while as a court stenographer in the Army. He didn't know a thing about stenography, but would solemnly set down some professional-looking doodles to give the impression that he was faithfully chronicling the proceedings. After a trial or deposition was over, he would sit down at a typewriter and write down exactly what had been said. Never missed a syllable. PROFESSOR THOMAS MOLNAR of Brooklyn College has recently brought out a study of the political philosophy of Bernanos (Meridian), and will bring out another book later in the year on educational theory. FINIS FARR, who writes this week about Ring Lardner, will in the next issue or so review the new book by *New York Post* editor James Wechsler—*Reflections of an Angry Middle-Aged Editor* (he is angry because other people are not as left-wing as he is). . . . THE REV. STANLEY PARRY is chairman of the Department of Political Science at Notre Dame University.

Special Report

The Case of the Missing U-2

JAMES BURNHAM

Addressing the Supreme Soviet on 5 May, Premier Khrushchev stated that on 1 May, "the most festive day for our people and the workers of the world," an American plane had crossed the Soviet frontier at 0536 Moscow time "and continued its flight into the interior of the Soviet land." After "a report on this aggressive act to the Government," the plane "was shot down. . . . An expert commission is studying data that fell into our hands."

On the same day (5 May) a statement was issued from Washington ostensibly from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. This declared that on the morning of 1 May one of its Lockheed U-2 high-altitude research planes ("flying weather laboratories") had taken off from Incirlik air base, Turkey. At 0900 local time (*i.e.*, 1000 Moscow time) the pilot had reported "oxygen difficulties over the Lake Van, Turkey, area. If the pilot had continued to suffer lack of oxygen . . . [and] if the airplane was on automatic pilot, it is likely it would have continued along its northeasterly course," and thus have crossed the Soviet border.

So far, routine. The Russians had apparently knocked down one of our reconnaissance flights in the neighborhood of the Soviet border, as had happened two dozen times before. According to the rules, they put out a minimum, probing dispatch.

We replied with a carefully worded, rather detailed account of what *might* have happened. The rules do not require that such an account should be objectively *convincing* to those in the know; merely that it should be *plausible*—plausible enough to answer the diplomatic and propaganda problems that an accident or failure always brings. And this NASA story was sufficiently plausible. The U-2 planes are in fact adapted to and often used for weather and air research. At 60,000 feet there is nothing odd about an oxygen failure. In the Turkish mountains, near the Soviet

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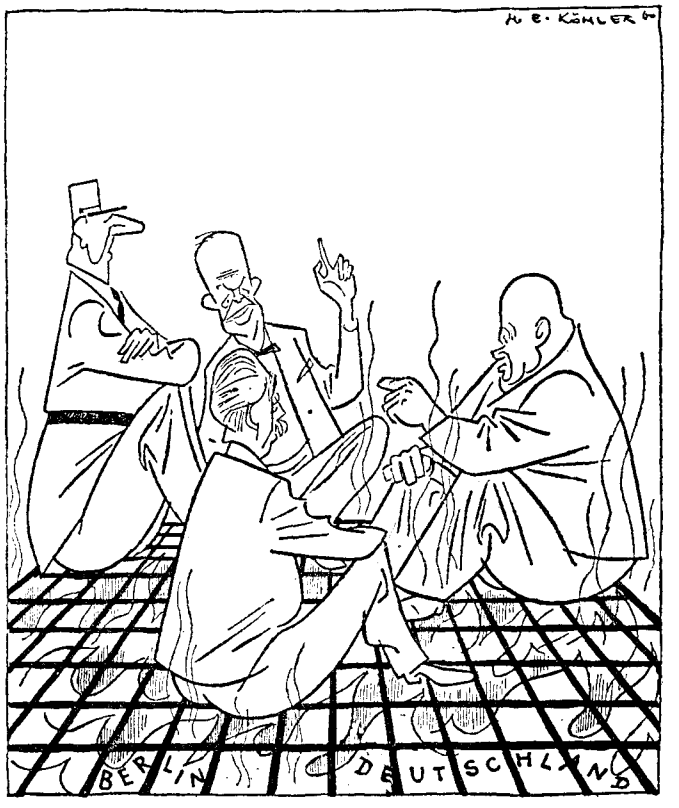
border, it is easy to get off course. On previous occasions the Russians have shot our planes down along their borders, without trying to find out why they were there.

How Much Truth?

To remain diplomatically plausible, the story must be free of any falsehood that can be publicly exposed by the enemy, or by an irresponsible journalist or politician. In the case of the missing U-2 this meant that our directing officials had to be certain that: 1) The plane was in truth down in Soviet territory, not too far from the Turko-Soviet border. The Russians obviously knew where it had come down (if it was down). If the location was a long way from the Lake Van beacon, it was self-evident that the Russians could immediately prove the NASA statement to be a complete lie. 2) The U-2 pilot was either dead or, if alive, would say nothing that would directly contradict the NASA statement. 3) The plane could not get into Russian hands with instruments and records intact.

In the spy business such statements are designed to confuse, divert, misinterpret and mislead as well as to preserve diplomatic proprieties. But the rule is that they must not directly falsify easily verifiable facts. Then it is too easy for the enemy to refute and ridicule them. "Comrades, I must tell you a secret," Khrushchev smugly told his serfs two days later. "When I was making my [first report on the U-2] I did not say [anything specific] at that time in order to see what the Americans would invent. And now, just see how many silly things they have said—Van Lake, scientific research and so on and so forth." But this is no secret. This hoary trick is standard operating procedure. If it was not allowed for by the person responsible for the NASA statement, then only two explanations are possible: either 1) the statement, in spite of all later developments, is not a complete lie, as far as such verifiable matters as geography go; or 2) the statement was put out by an utter and hopeless incompetent.

One other oddity in this first round is the discrepancy in the alleged time of the border crossing: 0536 Moscow time, according to Khrushchev; nearly five hours later by the NASA schedule.



Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung

"Only if we ignore certain problems will the Summit Conference not be a failure."

Second Round Whistle

Forty-eight hours later Khrushchev returned to the podium to tell the Supreme Soviet how smart he is. The U-2, he said with many a grinning gibe at the NASA statement, had in reality flown from Incirlik to Peshawar airfield in Pakistan. From there it took off "across the entire territory of the Soviet Union from the Pamir to the Kola Peninsula to get information on our country's military and industrial establishment by means of aerial photography" and recordings of radio beacons, radar networks, etc. Its mission was to proceed over Murmansk and Archangel to Bodoe airfield in Norway.

Over Sverdlovsk, a city on the flank of the Urals 1,200 miles deep inside the Soviet Union, the U-2 was shot down at 65,000 feet (by "a single rocket," the new Air Marshal Andrei Grechko later reported). The crash from twelve miles did not, apparently, damage the photographs and tapes taken during its trip from Peshawar. Khrushchev exhibited what he said was a batch of these ("not bad," but "our cameras take better"). The pilot, Francis Gary Powers, landed alive and kicking, complete with suicide-syringe (unused), pistol (unused), cellophane-covered French gold francs, West German marks, Italian lire and other currency (all unused), two gold watches and seven gold rings (unused) and—as was further revealed the next day—"a satchel" containing survival gear, changes of clothing and "all sorts of packages" (all unused).

Pilot Powers was picked up by a jolly band of collective farm members celebrating the May 1 holiday. Growing suspicious, they turned him over to the authorities, to whom he at once told the whole story of plane, mission and background. Powers "testified" he had belonged to the CIA's secret "10-10" unit in Turkey, under Colonel William Shelton, for which NASA is a cover. When he shifted from Air Force to CIA his pay jumped from $700 to $2,400 a month. "I believe," he told the Russians in his frank and open American way, "my flight over

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Soviet territory was meant for collecting information on Soviet guided missiles and radar stations."

A few hours after Khrushchev finished, the State Department agreed publicly that "in endeavoring to obtain information now concealed behind the Iron Curtain a flight over Soviet territory was probably undertaken by an unarmed civilian U-2 plane." When the Soviet Union rejected our 1955 "open skies proposal" to decrease "the danger of surprise attack," planes of this sort "have made flights along the frontiers of the free world for the past four years."

Whose Story Are You?

Well, it is quite a story, certainly, and the diplomats, pundits and propagandists are furiously busy fueling their engines with it. As usual, the Soviet version at each stage is assumed to be "the facts." Even so astute and calm an analyst as Mr. Hanson Baldwin—though he rightly sees the four-year U-2 reconnaissance operation as an occasion for rejoicing rather than breast-beating—seems to accept without query Khrushchev's rendering. In harmonic response to Khrushchev's plucking, the *New York Times* bleats about "melancholy evidence" of "costly diplomatic defeat." Picking up the bait strewn along Khrushchev's speeches, columnists demand to know "who" acted "without the President's authorization" to mess things up just two weeks before the Summit. The approaching "failure of the Summit" can now—luckily enough—be blamed on the missing U-2. And Congress is rushing belated inquiries into CIA for exactly the wrong reasons.

Is it melancholy evidence of a costly defeat to learn—and to have the world learn—that the U-2 and related operations have, it would seem, carried out unscathed for four years one of history's most remarkable intelligence campaigns; that they have opened the skies that all the might and cunning of the Soviet Union strove to keep shut; that the boasted Soviet defenses took four years to bring down a single plane—if they indeed brought down Pilot Powers' plane? Let us have more of such defeats, please!

A Set of Puzzles

There remain many puzzles worth careful inquiry. For example:

1) What can explain the wording of the first NASA statement?

2) The U-2 range limit is supposed to be under 2,500 miles. Can it be true that this U-2, loaded with instruments, was sent on a Peshawar-Bodoe flight course of over 4,000 miles? After public mention of this oddity, Moscow added "extra tanks" to the plane's equipment.

3) Khrushchev stated that "all the time of the flight over our territory the aircraft was under observation." Did it take all those hours for the Red Army to down a continuously observed plane? And what kind of "rocket battery" fires only one rocket in combat?

4) If a plane is triggered to explode, as this one was, in order to prevent the enemy from recovering it, why didn't it explode?

5) If Powers had a suicide-syringe and was under order and pledge to use it, why didn't he?

6) If that is a question that Americans refuse to confront, then let us put it in more traditional terms. If Powers possessed a gun and knife, why didn't he use them? He seems to have got down in remarkably spry shape after a drop from a rocket-smashed plane at 65,000 feet. Why didn't he fight to avoid capture by the jolly peasants, and get into the nearby mountains? The chances were a million to one against him? Men have fought on shorter odds than that. And if he died in that fight, he died a hero and his secrets died with him.

7) Khrushchev spoke first on 5 May. The alleged capture of Powers was on 1 May. With allowance for the time to notify the authorities, administrative routine, translating, getting reports to Moscow, that leaves at most 48 hours for the interrogation of Powers. Brainwashing is a matter of weeks, more often of months. Torture, too, takes time—usually including a considerable time to decide it is necessary—and unless accompanied by brainwashing yields disjointed, erratic information. How is it possible that Powers could have given so articulate, detailed, fluent, coherent a story not only of his own mission but of the history and organization of his outfit? What brought him, so quickly and completely, to so total a violation of the absolute and five-thousand-year-honored code of Intelligence?

8) Is it not a marvelously neat coincidence that, as almost always happens in these Soviet revelations, the alleged facts mesh perfectly with current political objectives? Moscow strives to break the military encirclement in which Turkey, Pakistan and Norway are key elements, Iraq and Iran disputed territory. In the case of the missing U-2 it is precisely Turkey, Pakistan and Norway that were "violated" by the "U.S. provocation," and Iraq and Iran were dragged in by reference to earlier flights.

9) Perhaps even more startling is the communiqué of the State Department (=CIA) which, though omitting all specifics, asserts that a U-2 flight had entered Soviet air space on an Intelligence (=espionage) mission. There is no historic precedent for such an admission. What does it mean? Does the U.S. Government now "blow" its own agents, and complete the enemy's case against them? Or is there something much more mysterious here? Is the U.S. deliberately blowing a reconnaissance operation as part of a "hard" pre-Summit turn, presaged by the shift on Cuba and paralleled by the announcement of further nuclear tests? Or does CIA believe, after reading Khrushchev's report, that Powers is a double agent, and that he might just possibly have landed near Sverdlovsk, or wherever, without having been hit by a rocket? Whatever the explanation, there is the smell of the GPU—the GPU of the Moscow Trials—about the whole story Khrushchev told. Will Pilot Powers soon be making a well-rehearsed confession about American iniquity in the publicized glare of a Moscow courtroom?

10) And could Khrushchev just possibly be right in his reference to how "capital buys lives, buys people"? Could it be that an organization without either strong faith or clear policy, directed by stuffed shirts and bureaucrats, staffed too often by routine clerks plus activist hired hands—that such an organization is not capable of sustaining a continuous war of the kind fought by the Communist World Enterprise?

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The Fourth House

If you are one in four, you got the Blue Form, with note of instruction from the Chief Snoop. The author tore his up—and awaits the worst, Fourth Amendment in hand.

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The 1960 Census is being conducted with two separate questionnaires. One, a short form printed on white paper, asks the questions necessary to an enumeration of the population. This questionnaire fulfills the constitutional requirement; it is being administered in every household in the nation; and right gladly have I submitted to it in my house.

But there is a second questionnaire, printed on blue paper, unconscionably long, uncivilly inquisitorial, and absolutely unconstitutional. This form, we are told, is being sent to every fourth house in the nation. My house was the fourth house, and I have studied this snooping questionnaire. It does not relate to any constitutional requirement that I know of; it has not been addressed to the population as a whole; and I shall not answer it.

Indeed, I have already torn it up. Some day, when the summer satrap of the Snooper State comes to ask me why I refuse to contribute my share of statistics to the national numbers game, I shall call for my lawyer. For my house claims protection under the Fourth Amendment: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

"Go," I shall say, "and report to your Snooperiors! Tell them that I shall resist this unreasonable search! I plead the Fourth!"

The Census is authorized by Article I, Section 2 of the Constitution. It requires an enumeration of the population for the purpose of fixing proportional representation. The Constitution makes no further reference to the Census.

For those who have not seen the infamous blue questionnaire, I believe a description is in order. The cover page is spangled with seven solid black five-pointed stars marching across the top. Below them appears the name, "U. S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census," and below that the seal of the Department of Commerce. Then we see the title of the form: "Household Questionnaire for the 1960 Census of Population and Housing." Then follows a letter from Mr. Burgess, the Director of the Bureau of the Census, and at the bottom of the cover two boxes enclosing more type. One, slanted, says, "This is an official document of the United States of America." The other says this: "Confidential—The Census is required by the United States Constitution and further authorized by 13 U. S. C. 5, 9, 141, 221-4. The law requires that the inquiries be answered completely and accurately, and guarantees that the information furnished will be accorded confidential treatment. The Census report cannot be used for purposes of taxation, investigation, or regulation."

The first two pages of questions relate to the material possessions of the citizen. Is his house on a city lot, or a place of less than ten acres, or more than ten acres? Did the yield of nature provide sales of more or less than $250 last year on the less-than-ten-acre place, or sales of more or less than $50 for the more-than-ten-acre place? When was the house built? How many bedrooms? How is it heated? Is there a clothes drier? Washing machine? How many bathrooms? Whence comes the water? What form of sewage disposal? Is there a basement, a telephone? What is the telephone number? How many automobiles? What is the market value of the house? If this a trailer, is it mobile? If this is a rented lodging, how much is paid for electricity, gas, water, fuel? Does rental include use of land for farming?

Intricate Inquisition

I cannot imagine any relation between these questions and the constitutional requirement to enumerate the people. How lush grows the federal jungle! The tentacles of its creepers pierce the walls of all the homes in the land. How can a man be less than outraged by this destruction of his privacy? Consider the questions asked every member of the house!

What's your name? What's your relation to the head of the house? Where were you born? If you were born outside the country, what language was spoken in your home? What country was your father born in? Your mother? How many years of schooling have you had? Did you finish the last grade? Have you been to school since February 1st, 1960? When were you first married? If you're a girl, how many babies have you had? Did you work last week? How many hours? Were you looking for work, laid off, absent because of illness, on vacation? When did you last work? What kind of work was it? Name of employer? How do you travel to and from work? Did you work last year? How much did you earn? In wages? In profits and fees? How much income do you have from social security, pensions, veteran's payments, rent, interest, dividends, unemployment insurance, welfare payments, and other sources?

These personal questions, let me repeat, are asked not in order to

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enumerate the people, but to advance some secret designs not divulged to us common citizens and not authorized in the Constitution. In God's name, what purpose does this inquisition serve?

We know that the long blue snooper is not the true Census. It asks questions not related to the information needed to fix proportional representation; it is distributed separately from the true Census questionnaire; and it is not distributed to the population as a whole.

Indeed, I suspect that the meddlers who designed the blue snooper attempted to compensate for this lack of legal authority by dressing the cover page in the rich and pretentious but borrowed and certainly specious trappings of Official Authority. Thus the seven stately stars, the names of governmental departments and bureaus, the letter from Chief Snoop Burgess, exhortations to answer every question, skip nothing, and return within three days! It all looks very official, doesn't it? But if this is the official census, then what was that white questionnaire that went to all my neighbors?

No Legal Authorization

Perhaps the Bureau of the Census will explain that it merely desires to have statistics. The desire is harmless, it will say, because the information must by law remain confidential, and it may not by law be used for purposes of taxation, regulation, or investigation. But we all know that a statistical survey may be conducted with a sample far smaller than one-quarter of the whole market. I know of major business decisions correctly taken on the basis of a survey of a few thousand people. If the Bureau desires merely a few statistics, how can it defend its decision to send this intricate and prying questionnaire to every fourth house in the land?

But the Bureau, being a Bureau, will surely say that it wants (or perhaps it needs!) the most accurate statistics possible. If absolute accuracy were the requirement, as it is in the enumeration, then why wasn't this long blue snooper aimed at every citizen? What's to stop the Bureau from that? And a second question: if the results of the survey must remain confidential and may not be used for purposes of taxation, investigation, or regulation, then why in Snoop's name do they have to be so accurate?

Furthermore, although the Bureau desires statistics, the fact that it desires them does not constitute legal power to get them. The Bureau is authorized to enumerate, not evaluate the population. Perhaps ten years from now, in the next Census, the Bureau will desire to tabulate other aspects of the citizenry. Perhaps by then we shall not consider it improper to be asked how much cash we have on hand and in checking accounts; where we do our banking; who our attorney is; what our church is; how we voted in the last election; and perhaps a hundred questions on sexual activity. Perhaps the Bureau will require one household out of four to be psychoanalyzed.

Still further, I roundly dispute the value of any statistics susceptible of development from the questions asked in the long blue snooper. The Bureau probably does not have the honesty to admit that it is collecting statistics for the use of commercial enterprises. It must, if it tries at all to justify itself, rest its intrusion upon some implied powers concealed in the "general welfare" clause. It will say it is simply ascertaining the quality of the general welfare when it tots up the television sets. I dispute this thesis, because I believe that the welfare of a nation can be measured only in terms of the moral excellence of its citizens. The sewage system used at my house has nothing to do with the state of citizenship, the moral aspiration, the intellectual life, and the tradition of the occupants. The quality of love and laughter abiding in my house cannot be described in terms of electrical appliances. And the welfare of a nation cannot be described in any terms but these—its morals, its minds, its traditions, its love, its exuberance. When an officious little snoop pretends to measure my citizenship by inquiring into my material possessions I am insulted and sickened. In the final analysis the questions asked by Chief Snoop are frivolous, irrelevant, and beneath the dignity of a citizen.

I hereby propose an experiment, in order to prove how useless is the Bureau's effort to collect statistics on washing machines. My experiment proceeds as follows. Send a penny postcard to the president of each of the ten largest manufacturers of electrical equipment (names and addresses on request), asking him to tell you what his market research department knows about the total number of washing machines currently installed in the households of this nation. Make an arithmetic average of the responses. Then, in the autumn, when the Bureau publishes its statistics, see if your answers aren't within 5 per cent of the Bureau's figures. One curious student with thirty cents and a few days' patience can secure the figures that the Bureau of the Census will secure only after invading ten million houses with 160,000 snoopers, exercising its multi-million-dollar computing machines for half a year, and spending millions of dollars on payroll and printing costs. And not the least of the costs that the Bureau will impose upon us citizens is moral: for it will surely and stealthily have contributed to the decline in personal privacy in this land. All this, to check our plumbing!

Prelude to Spending

If the information gained may not be used for taxation or investigation or regulation, there seems to be only one remaining use to which the statistics may be put: they may help business. Thus the federal government inquires into the state of my mechanical appliances in order to assure that business knows its markets. How I commute to work is important to the amoebas in Washington, because a federal commuting plan is no more unthinkable than a federal highway plan. (If you live in Greenwich and commute to New York, of course you are a certified citizen of the Interstate Commerce Commission!) The structure, size, value, and furnishings of my house are of great interest to that patriotic group of lobbyists, the housing gang. And, if the federal housing agencies decide to liberate me from my present squalor, what more "scientific" ground for their action could there be, than the factual, true, and up-to-date statistics collected by Chief Snoop? The chain of action is this:

(Continued on p. 343)

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Stuart Symington: Everybody's Second Choice

This perfect Number One Number Two Man might just cop the big prize in L.A. But if so, the author predicts a GOP victory in the fall.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"If there is a deadlock," said a prominent Stuart Symington supporter in May of 1956, "and if the convention stays orderly and does not try to kick out the South, Stu's a cinch." But Adlai Stevenson went on to beat Kefauver for the Democratic nomination, and the first effort to put through the "Second Missouri Compromise" never got off the ground.

Time marches on, but the theory that Missouri's handsome, courtly Senator Symington has perfect Presidential availability does not wither. And this time the chances for a deadlocked Democratic convention seem better. With Kennedy and Humphrey visibly knocking each other out by the very frenzy of their efforts to make the voters believe that bread, cake and five-ring circuses should come on the cuff for anybody who can prove he is not a Republican investment banker, it is easy to see the delegates at Los Angeles turning, first, to Lyndon Johnson and then, after a Johnson failure to go over on the umpteenth ballot, to Available Stu.

The case for Symington has the inevitability of something spewed out on a punch card from an IBM machine. First, there is the symbolism: he can write with both his right and left hands and whether you call him a liberal conservative or a conservative Liberal doesn't seem to matter. Though naturally left-handed, he plays golf right-handed. Indeed W. Stuart Symington the Third has something for everybody. He was born in Amherst, Massachusetts—but his father, who was a professor of romance languages at the time, came from an old Maryland family of impeccable Scottish lineage. His mother, a Harrison of Virginia, could claim relationship to two nineteenth-century Presidents, William Henry and Benjamin Harrison. A grandfather, the first William Stuart Symington, fought for the Confederacy, taking part in the bloody Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg, and later surrendered his sword as Major Symington at Appomatox.

Self-Made

Some of the Maryland Symingtons had wealth, but Stuart's father, who scratched a living from the law in Baltimore after deserting the academic life, had to struggle to bring up a large family. When the young Stuart was not being "farmed out" to well-to-do relatives in Virginia he was busy turning a penny as boys used to know how to turn it in days when there were no child labor laws. "We never had real money," says Symington, "and sometimes we were poor. I mean poor. I wanted to do the things the others could afford to do." So he sold bottled spring water, he peddled peanuts and cigarettes at the Baltimore 1912 convention, he worked in a factory as a sixteen-year-old during World War I turning out shell casings for the Russian army, and he lied about his age to become a seventeen-year-old second lieutenant of artillery at Plattsburg in 1918. Later he borrowed from relatives to go through Yale.

The list of the young Stuart Symington's accomplishments sounds remarkably like the contents of the self-improvement chart kept by F. Scott Fitzgerald's Great Gatsby. He played tennis left-handedly, ultimately making the Yale tennis team, and he balanced his athletic bent by asking for a set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for Christmas at age ten. At Yale he was a big man on the *News*, he worked as a cub reporter in Baltimore during the summers both to improve the quality of his journalism and to pay his college way, he made D.K.E. and the Elihu Club, and his habit of disguising an inferiority complex as a superiority simplex, while it annoyed some people into thinking him "pure poison," went over big with others. Among those who were impressed by the up-and-coming bearing of W. Stuart Symington III was Republican Senator James W. Wadsworth from New York's Genessee Valley, who gladly gave the boy permission to marry his daughter Eve. "She's a girl who can *think*," said Stuart of his bride, who also happened to have real blonde beauty and a golden voice that was to earn her $1,000 a week as a "society singer" in New York night clubs in the thirties.

Three Fortunes

Marriage into the patrician Wadsworth family didn't solve the young Stuart's financial difficulties. There followed some more self-improvement as the boy worked as an iron molder by day in his uncle's Rochester, N.Y. plant, studied higher mathematics at night school, and spent his week-ends mastering an International Correspondence School course in metallurgy. The self-improvement eventually landed him in his own radio parts business, where he made his first success after persuading General Robert E. Wood of Sears, Roebuck to take 49 per cent of the company's stock in return for Sears contracts.

With the New Deal forcing aspiring young men to revise the Horatio Alger formula, Stuart decided in 1933 that the way to wealth was to "get

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in on the ground floor and build an equity." Accordingly, he "built" his Colonial Radio Corporation to the point where he could sell it, in 1935, to Sylvania Products for Fortune Number One. Fortune Number Two followed when he revivified the Rustless Iron and Steel Company of Baltimore and sold it to American Rolling Mill in 1937. Fortune Number Three might have come from a flyer in parking meters; but when James Forrestal recommended Stuart Symington as "what the doctor ordered" to put the decrepit Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company of St. Louis on its feet, the Symington residence was shifted from New York to Missouri.

Instead of lamenting the Wagner Act, or of crying to his associates in the local Racquet Club that he had a Communist labor leader, the late William Sentner, to deal with, Symington got sit-downers out of his plant by giving them a voluntary check-off, a union shop, and a promise of profit-sharing "if and when." Result: Fortune Number Three for Symington when Emerson's business really took off during World War II. By shifting Emerson production to gun turrets for aircraft, Symington was soon chest-deep in relations with Bill Knudsen's Washington Office of Production Management. The Emerson Electric Company came to the attention of Senator Harry Truman's special committee investigating the national defense program; and what Truman saw was so impressive that Symington was marked down as a comer for government administrative work. "It isn't you who ought to be investigated," said Truman, "it's the people who wanted you to be investigated."

Washington Administrator

When Truman became President in 1945, Symington went to Washington as chairman of the Surplus Property Board. There followed, in stately procession, a career as Assistant Secretary of War for Air, first Secretary of the Air Force, chairman of the National Securities Resources Board and chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Symington proved a good "sick industry" doctor in all of his government administrative tasks, getting rid of millions in surplus property without scandal, forcing the disposition of aluminum properties to competitive rivals of giant Alcoa, reorganizing the Air Force to give the green light and the B-36 superbomber to the Strategic Air Command, and purging the RFC of suspicions of being lined with mink.

When high blood pressure came in the wake of high job pressure, Stuart

Symington solved the problem decively by letting surgeon Smithwick of Boston cut the sympathetic nerves in his back. During his convalescence Symington proceeded to take ten strokes off his golf score just by "thinking about it." The attempt to lower blood pressure by the sympathectomy operation sometimes fails completely, but in Symington's case it has proved a phenomenal success. Campaigning in the 1952 primaries and in the fall election for the Missouri senatorship, Symington beat the bushes to defeat Harry Truman's man "Buck" Taylor and Republican Senator James P. Kem in quick succession. He repeated his triumph in a second run for the office in 1958. Despite the imputations that he is a carpetbagger from the East in Missouri politics, Symington has proved himself a prodigious vote-getter in the Show Me State. He ran ahead of Stevenson in 1952 by 150,000 votes, and ahead of Eisenhower by 120,000.

So there you have him, the Perfect Candidate. He has been a successful businessman in a period in which it was tough enough to be any sort of businessman at all. But, in making his millions, he has done it without alienating "labor"—meaning, of course, the labor leaders who have such influence in Democratic Party politics. His record for establishing desegregation both in St. Louis businesses and in the Air Force is balanced by his obvious relish in having had a grandfather who was in the army of General Robert E. Lee. He has the air of being a patrician, yet he is demonstrably a self-made man. Though a partisan Democrat, he always managed to retain the blessings of his wife's Republican father, who made for himself a long and honorable career in the House of Representatives after the prohibitionists had managed to eliminate him from the U.S. Senate in the hypocritical nineteen twenties. Old Senator Wadsworth was always known as America's Number One Advocate of a strong military posture—and Senator Symington has made his father-in-law's old mantle over to fit himself.

Too Flawless

Coming from a border state, with patriotism written all over his defense record, and with a reputation of being both pro-business and pro-labor, Symington has an availability that can only be described as beautiful. But as some esthetician has said (could it have been Walter Pater?), beauty without a touch of irregularity in it is apt to be boring. The trouble with Symington is that his beautiful availability induces no passion in anybody outside of a narrow circle of political pros. Every other Democratic candidate has some group pressing in upon the pros, kicking up enthusiasm and generating both slogans and funds. Humphrey has the ADA-ers, Stevenson the die-hard Eleanor Roosevelt Liberals and campus eggheads, Kennedy the Catholics and the academic *expertise*-merchants, Lyndon Johnson his Southern and Texan "moderates." But Symington is, at best, merely the second choice of everybody—a Number One Number Two Man, as Chancellor Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago once said of his factotum Bill Benton. And where passion for an individual is obviously needed to give a candidate a first shot at the nomination, the realization that a man is everybody's substitute choice is likely to induce a sober consideration: can a compromise candidate command the enthusiasm and the loyalty needed to win the big sweepstakes in the autumn? It is the very flawlessness of

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Symington's availability that must ultimately doom it, in November if not in July. "Available" types explode no emotional TNT.

So, by the switcheroo considerations that it impels, Symington's availability will probably end up by making him unavailable. What does the nation stand to lose by this? Would he, after all, be the best candidate for reasons that don't show up in his all-things-to-all-men record?

The answer, on the basis of probing for what is really good and bad in Symington's approach to contemporary problems, could set off a lively and meaningful debate. Symington, in domestic matters, is what Max Ways would call a "growther"—meaning that he would try to keep the Gross National Product at a high by "investing" in the "public sector" (new roads, federally-financed school buildings, big parks, rebuilt cities, and so forth and so on). Waiving for the moment the question of whether this is good or bad economics, it is obvious that Symington differs hardly at all on the subject of Galbraithism from Kennedy, Humphrey, Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson or Chester Bowles. He, like all the other Democratic aspirants, is a New-Fair Dealer in his approach to domestic well-being; he believes in using the federal suction pump to take in the peoples' profits for redistribution in accordance with whatever the dominant pressure groups of the moment may decide. So far as Missouri agriculture is concerned, Symington is wholly anti-Benson. He is a complete parity man who thinks a give-away export of agricultural surpluses might be used in lieu of dollar aid abroad—which ranges him with Humphrey as one who would make dumping synonymous with international statecraft.

As Air Secretary

There is nothing, then, in Symington's domestic record to commend him to conservatives or libertarians—or to those who think the promotion of growth through munificent outlays for schools, roads, parks and the replacement of slums is a matter for local decision, financial underwriting and control. But Symington as the protagonist of an America with the military capability of standing up to the Communists could be something else again. Where does he really stand vis-à-vis the international Communist menace? If he is Stu the Strong in this area, he might have true conservative appeal.

The image of a strong Symington does project itself from his record as Air Force Secretary. He organized the air service as an independent entity, and he was the chief Pentagon protagonist of a powerful Strategic Air Command. Moreover, his criticism of our present-day military organization sounds completely logical. "We have," he has said, "two armies and six air forces . . . with all the waste and inefficiency such multiplicity creates. . . . If we had a reorganization . . . accompanied by a real over-all weapons systems evalution to eliminate duplications and obsolescent weapons, we could save the taxpayers tens of millions of dollars every *week.*"

His own "over-all weapons systems evaluation" leads him to stress our unwillingness — or the Eisenhower Administration's unwillingness — to face certain facts about the "ICBM gap," which he fears is continually widening. To deliver missiles with hydrogen or other atomic-age warheads he would maintain a balanced striking force consisting of aircraft and rocket-firing submarines in addition to fixed and mobile land firing sites. His argument for building airplanes as well as rockets is that we need planes to serve as an umbrella for the infantry in the case of small brush-fire wars.

On Atomic Tests

So far, so good: the image of Strong Stu persists. It is only when one begins to comb Symington's general foreign policy position that the flaw in the image becomes apparent. On the subject of the moratorium in atomic testing, Symington ceases to ring true. Like all the other Presidential candidates, whether Republican or Democratic (exception: Nelson Rockefeller, if he can still be called a candidate), Symington has been perfectly willing to see the U.S. drag its heels in the matter of atomic testing. He hopes, though perhaps with some misgivings, that our self-imposed ban on testing will help us get some reasonable agreement out of the Russians in conversations at the Summit and at Geneva. Meanwhile, his office has denied the truth of a recent *Newsweek* report that he is for a resumption of underground nuclear tests.

To the argument, vouched for by expert testimony, that neither aerial inspection nor seismographical listening can pick up underground testing explosions, Symington has said nothing. Yet his own recipe for "balance" in our preparedness would logically call for continual testing designed to create light, "clean" atomic weapons for infantry use in localized battle areas. Moreover, we obviously need more testing in order to cut the size of the bigger atomic warheads without hurting their grisly explosive power. Why hasn't Stu the Strong been following the lead of his patron Harry Truman in urging that atomic testing be resumed for qualitative reasons, at least until such time as the Soviets have agreed to a thoroughgoing international treaty that would allow the UN to send inspection teams anywhere, anytime, in any country? In default of any clear acknowledgment that he is "Harry's boy" here as elsewhere, the image of Stu the Strong dissolves into the more nebulous figure of Stu the Equivocator.

What it all comes down to is summed up in the cynical observation of Charles J. V. Murphy, that Symington's demand for a "balanced striking force," when coupled with the moratorium on atomic testing, amounts to calling for "more and better cannons but no improvement in the cannon balls." If Symington wishes to get a really ponderable edge on the other candidates for the Presidential nomination, and if he wants to attract a potentially winning margin of conservatives who would discount his domestic program on the ground that the main enemy is, after all, the military force that is currently at the Kremlin's disposal, he will have to do considerably better than that.

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Letter from Ghana

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Cult of the Messiah

In the market place at Accra, capital of Ghana, you can buy for sixpence each a series of postcards which show Christ handing the keys of the kingdom over to Prime Minister Nkrumah. Every day Ghana's only afternoon newspaper, the *Evening News*, devotes its front page to biblically phrased eulogies of "our great Messiah, Kwame Nkrumah." Recently it showed him "in the hour of transfiguration" when "the whole being of the Hero was transported to the scene of suffering in South Africa." It also reported that an Indian doctor had seen a vision of Nkrumah walking on the waters.

This rapidly growing Messiah-cult is the most startling thing to strike a traveler arriving in Ghana today. Its disciples are entirely serious. One of them announced in Ghana's parliament that "Nkrumaism" was the great new philosophy of the twentieth century, destined to replace decadent Christianity. Outside Parliament House stands the statue of Nkrumah which he "suffered" his followers to erect. Carved on it are the master's golden words, one of the cardinal doctrines of Nkrumaism: "Seek ye first the political kingdom and all else shall be added unto you."

I've just been to Ghana to find out what sort of kingdom Nkrumah has created. Ghana is certainly making rapid material progress; but much of it would probably have happened under any government. The depressing aspect of Ghana is not something you can see. It is the whole political and moral climate.

People are afraid to talk. They are not yet deeply afraid, as they would be in a complete police state, but they are beginning to be afraid. They all know that after this month's referendum to make Nkrumah life president, the result of which they accept ironically as a foregone conclusion, the grip of his party, the CPP ("The Party is the nation and the nation is the Party"), will grow tighter still.

It's tight enough already. The CPP is everywhere. It has a monopoly of patronage and power, which leads inevitably to increasing corruption and inefficiency. Nkrumah now proposes to take direct control of the civil service because it is "inappropriate," he says, for this "chief manifestation of government" to be separate from the party.

The courts of law are already corrupt, at least in cases with a political tinge. They blandly give inconsistent judgments at consecutive sessions according to the politics of the prisoner. The old colonial system of District Commissioners, which was gleefully abolished at independence, is now being restored: and no one doubts who the new incumbents will be.

There is an institution called the Builders Brigade. This is a disciplined para-military body of workers designed ostensibly for the relief of unemployment and the construction of public works. Doubtless it does these things: it also acts as the CPP's strongarm squad. The government, of course, denies that the Builder Brigade is ever used for political purposes: but, again, the evidence is overwhelming.

The Liberals' Fallacies

If you complain to white Liberals about what is going on in Ghana today, they usually tell you that emergent African states need a strong government. Mr. Gaitskell said so when he visited Accra. I quite agree: which makes it all the more important to preserve the ancient distinction between good government and bad government, a distinction having nothing whatever to do with whether the form of government happens to be democratic or not. Nkrumah and his kind seem to have grafted on to a fanatical black nationalism all those qualities which are worst in white politicians. They are both demagogues and dictators: their style is mystical but their promises are wholly materialist.

During the next few months the Balkanization of West Africa will proceed apace. New nations are sprouting like dragon's teeth. Nkrumah's dream of a black empire with himself at the head is probably already over. He has made himself too unpopular with other African leaders, and Ghana will soon be surrounded by a very powerful community of former French colonies.

But there are other dangers. In Guinea, ruled by Marxist Sekou Touré, the Communists are moving in on a grand scale. Trade delegations and "experts" have arrived from all the Eastern European countries. Even the matchboxes say "Made in the Soviet Union." Arms are being shipped from Czechoslovakia: rifles, machine guns and armored cars. Africans as a whole have so far been too much concerned with their own affairs to be greatly interested in international Communism: but if Communism can be suitably adapted, as it was by Mao Tse-tung to the special needs of China, then there is no doubt that Africa would be highly vulnerable to it.

Meanwhile events in West Africa are being watched from other parts of that troubled continent. They are being watched by Tom Mboya, Hastings Banda, Jomo Kenyatta and all the other African politicians who would like to follow in Nkrumah's footsteps. And they are being watched with the utmost misgiving by the white people of Africa.

The Liberals who have seized so happily on Mr. Macmillan's little platitude about a "wind of change" blowing through Africa fall constantly into major fallacies. The first is the old one about the inevitability of history. They talk as though the European retreat from Africa were not merely desirable but predestined; and they abdicate all responsibility for its consequences.

Their second fallacy is that all the people concerned, white and black, are good Liberals too, moderate, eager to compromise, full of childlike faith in the sanctity of agreements and the virtues of the ballot-box. But the Liberals are due for some nasty shocks; for the people concerned, both white and black, are not like that at all and the dragon's teeth have sharp edges.

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Jambalaya in the Crayfish Bayou

Gone, with the House of Long, a rambunctious era in American politics. Like it or loathe it, we'll never see its like again.

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

"Eh, *la bas,*" shrugged a Cajun politico, gone down with Earl Long and the ship in Louisiana. "*Cherchez la femme.*" Congreve, with neither that pure Boogalee nor Scotland Yard French, said it so: "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."

La femme in the ointment was Blanche Revere Long, estranged wife of Earl and author of recent Long misfortunes. Begin with a woman neglected in favor of hooching and French Quarter strippers; add the fact she wished her mate out of the Governor's Mansion. Note opportunity knocking in the woolly shape of Earl's famous harangue in the Legislature. Blanche thought fast, enlisted the aid of some of Earl's pals, and spirited the governor off to a Texas mental hospital.

Two funny farms and some weeks later Earl was judged sane and released. But the noisy public brawl precipitated by this *de facto* kidnapping received press coverage rivaling that of the Finch trial, and the Pelican State, suddenly last summer, found itself the butt of an international joke. This well-chronicled ignominy, the last straw in a state already possessed of impressive theses to nail on the door of the House of Long, catalysed the end of a political dynasty.

Earl began writing the final chapter four years ago when he was elected governor in his most decisive political triumph, scoring an impossible first primary victory over New Orleans Mayor deLesseps "Chep" Morrison. Nephew Russell was United States senator, Brother George was a congressman and Wife "Miz Blanche" was Democratic National Committeewoman. Even the shade of Brother Huey must have beamed at the state of the family fortune. But Earl soon began to behave erratically. A man who can fall in and out with associates easefully as a Sherman Billingsley, Earl always had the knack of getting maximum political mileage from each break. Now, however, his timing was badly off and he was getting the worst of it. He began to close himself off, break appointments, pick fights. "They're out to get me," he told a newsman after a name-calling contest with Secretary of State Wade Martin, no match for Earl in the Anglo-Saxon idiom, but a dangerous political enemy.

About this time Long came down with the Sixty-Year Itch. Normally shy of women and never a notable tippler, the sexagenarian governor discovered bimbos and booze with the unalloyed delight of a Tulane sophomore, his taste running to Bourbon Street strip-teasers. He found that "pressure of business" took him more and more often down to New Orleans, from the capital at Baton Rouge, where his antics recalled memories of Huey's "Singin' Fool" phase.

Mrs. Long Moves

If Blanche was mad then (and she was), she was madder still when she realized Earl intended to succeed himself as governor in the face of the constitution. But the real blowoff came when Earl tossed a party at the mansion that would have passed muster at Caligula's court. Champagne flowed (Earl is a bourbon and Grapette man, himself) and the *pièce de resistance* was a cache of chorines flown in for the occasion. Blanche, who had not been present at the hoedown, announced flatly that a repetition of the affair would mean her moving out. Earl publicly allowed as how Blanche was "the most jealous woman God ever put on this earth."

A few days later Long made his famous legislature speech. Tired, sick and a little drunk he rapidly lost what little temper he has. He delivered a blistering personal attack on State Senator Wille Rainach; he snarled "dago" at another legislator of Italian extraction and let loose a stream of profanities. (He then urged some nuns and children who were in the gallery to join him in a vow not to cuss any more.)

When he followed up this performance with even more erratic behavior, Blanche moved. The national press was already hot on the scent of what was to be the political story of the year and Blanche saw her way clear to nip Earl's re-election bid in the bud. She arranged to fly the governor to a mental hospital in Galveston, Texas, where he would be unable to get help from his own state police. Blanche misjudged her man. Roaring that he would have no truck with doctors, he held one of the most profane press conferences on record through his barred window, and brought about court action. Released, and back in Louisiana, he was forcibly taken to a state hospital. Again sending his lawyers into court, he threatened to oust both the hospital director and the state police superintendent, promises he made good on. Meanwhile he was busy issuing orders to Lt. Governor Lethar Frazer. Once freed, Long proved he had a kick or two left. He began laying about him, firing officials in the manner of Fidel Castro. A sister was around to declaim Henley's "Invictus," whenever he felt inspiration flagging. He bought a fire-red station wagon and got back in touch with his favorite stripper, one Blaze Starr. Before long he was off on one of the most incredible junkets ever to catch the American Southwest unawares. (Blaze took time off from her professional duties to join "The Guv" here and there.)

Considerably refreshed from this little holiday, he returned to the political wars. Reading the signs, he agreed to run for the second spot on

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a ticket headed by Jimmy Noe, an amiable oilman and politician. Iowa-born Noe learned the gospel at Huey's feet, but his main qualification here was that he remained the only man of prominence who would both bankroll his own campaign and run with Earl. The other candidates—hillbilly yodeler and former Governor Jimmie Davis, Chep Morrison and Wille Rainach—were all off and running hard. As time went by it appeared that the race was between Davis and Morrison with Rainach the imponderable. (All thought Earl would surely make the runoff for lieutenant-governor and perhaps be high man.)

The Runoff

Longism, pro and con, has been the only real issue in Louisiana politics for thirty years and campaigns are won and lost on the basis of personalities. On this occasion there were few of either. All the candidates, save Noe, were anti-Long. All were pro-segregation, Rainach taking the extreme position. All were behind the door when the personalities were passed out. Noe looks like Tiny Duffy. Rainach has the nasal twang of the dirt-farm peckerwood, with none of the wit, charm, grace, intelligence or savvy of Leander Perez, eminent lawyer and dean of Louisiana segregationists.

Morrison and Davis ran one-two and faced a runoff. Surprises included Earl's poor showing (he failed to make the runoff) and Rainach's good one (he finished a strong third.) The outcome hinged upon the Rainach and Noe-Long votes and many observers thought Chep had the edge.

Chep Morrison, a B-flick Nixon, is able and imaginative. He has done a top-notch job as mayor and changed the landscape and economic complex of New Orleans. He has, unfortunately, an exaggerated opinion of his gifts and is completely lacking in sense of humor or proportion. He has a full-time public relations staff, whose members are as likely to joke about Chep as are BBDO executives about Lucky Strike. His sartorial elegance is lost upon the dirt-farmers, as are his military trappings, souvenirs of a lifelong love affair with uniforms, medals and ribbons. When he first came to City Hall the "Colonel's" vocabulary was largely army slang. He was forever "bucking things up," his office was the C.P. and if he had to dash out for chow you could bet your bottom sixpence he'd be back to police up. Aside from an unfortunate private personality, Morrison has two accidents of fate against him, being both a Catholic and a New Orleanian, neither likely to win votes in north Louisiana, a suspicious inbred land where city folk are suspect and Catholics are distrusted if not despised.

Hillbilly persona notwithstanding, Jimmie Davis is colorless, albeit well-liked, and easy-going. His previous stint as governor was chiefly distinguished by the cowboy movies he made in Hollywood during his term. (He is the author of "You Are My Sunshine.") Davis appeared to be the underdog in the runoff until a triple disaster hit the Morrison camp and effectively killed the mayor's main chance. First Rainach endorsed Davis —whom he had previously attacked— for a price: a new state segregation commission to be headed by Wille, thus giving him a ready-made sounding board from which to launch his next campaign for governor or for the senate. (Rainach will be heard from.) Next Earl Long endorsed Davis, joining Miz Blanche and Russell in the singer's corner. Morrison had tried to get Long's support, but Earl holds the mayor in contempt. Finally Morrison in an ill-advised libel suit against the publisher of the New Orleans *Federationist* was caught way off base. The publisher had accused Morrison of employing aides with Communist front records. Two days before the election came the revelation, in open court, that the mayor's secretary had been a member of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. Morrison was visibly shocked and Davis and Rainach cried, "I told you so." Davis now had in his corner such strange bedfellows as the *Times-Picayune*, Leander Perez, the Longs, the New Orleans Old Regular organization, the gambling interests, the AFL-CIO and Wille Rainach, a bunch who make, as Chep Morrison said, "a fine jambalaya." Davis won going away.

In the April 19 general election Davis swamped Francis Grevemberg, the Republican candidate, who got about twenty per cent of the vote, a fair showing for a Republican in Louisiana. Many of his votes, however were Negro protests. Kent Courtney, the States Rights party candidate, trailed badly. He had hoped to pick up some of the Rainach dissidents.

Farewell to Old Times?

For all that, the salient fact about this election was its dullness. Where are the likes of Earl Long who once described an opponent, Sam Jones, as "high-hat, high-steppin Sam, the high-sassiety kid. He's sweet-smellin Sam, the guy who pumps perfume under his arms"? Or the Earl Long who once, on Canal Street, bit the nose of a prominent New Orleans lawyer. Where the heirs of Huey Long who, annoyed at the pretentiousness of the wife of the president of L.S.U. (the lady in question had installed a large artificial moon on the lawn of the official residence and had bought some Tennessee Walking horses) fired off the telegram to the educator which said, simply, "Douse that moon and sell them plugs"? Who again, once Mayor Maestri was defeated by Morrison in 1946, could upon being asked by a delegation of club ladies to build a Greek theater reply that there were not enough Greeks in New Orleans to support such a project. (He also once dined with FDR in Antoine's where he asked, "How do you like dem ersters?") Where the newspapers like Huey Long's *American Progress* or Jimmy Morrison's *Farmer's Friend*, sheets to make the old New York *Graphic* look like an Epworth League publication? Is Louisiana joining the Union? It was more fun the other way.

Give Earl credit, he plans another comeback four years hence and he and Blaze are making big plans. But these seem to be academic; the House of Long is in about the same shape as the House of Usher. Earl is a sick old man with no patronage left. His organization and his wife sit in Jimmie Davis' corner.

About Blanche: "Leave her to heaven" was the ghostly advice given Hamlet the Dane as regards the treacherous Gertrude. Earl Long, whose barbed tongue is a local legend, might not echo this sweet eloquence, although he might very well smile these days were the shades to describe to him "those thorns that in her bosom lie to prick and sting her."

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

What Classroom Shortage?

Possibly the present Congress will not weigh us down with some grand scheme of subsidies for school-building. I hope it does not; but if we escape, it will be despite the intense efforts of the educationist lobby. The National Education Association has lost one powerful former ally—President Eisenhower. As late as last year, Mr. Eisenhower thought that there ought to be some federal spending for school construction; but, convinced by certain prudent advisers—who were fortified by Mr. Roger Freeman's *School Needs in the Decade Ahead*—the President has set his face against such a program.

The Bureau of the Budget, indeed, is willing to spend a good deal of money in a survey to prove that there is no real need for federal expenditure in this field. The education lobby's figures in support of its proposals turn out to have been scandalously inaccurate and exaggerated: a good many children seem to have been counted twice. And school districts have been building at such a rate since "federal aid" was requested five years ago that whatever need once might have been demonstrated is now nearly wiped away. Add to this the conclusion of the White House Conference on Education that no state is financially unable to pay for a decent school program, and the case for federal aid seems so weak that only a fanatic still could advance it.

Good Buildings Abandoned

To disprove the allegation that we are short of classrooms, most of us have only to drive casually through the district in which we happen to live. Nearly everywhere, big and expensive new school buildings are being completed. What is less encouraging, in many districts perfectly usable buildings have been abandoned by the school board out of their passion for newness, and stand empty or await demolition. I rode past one such in the Thumb country of Michigan: a good-looking three-story grade school, erected about 1928. "That building is quite as good as it looks," the school superintendent who was my companion said to me, "but the state authorities have persuaded the local board to let it stand empty and build a one-story school on a different site. These people love to spend other folks' money."

Great schools like Winchester and Eton still use medieval premises—and very beautiful their buildings are; and they get results. We have good private American schools in decent eighteenth- or nineteenth-century buildings. Until the Second World War, at least, school buildings were built to last, as they should be, and often handsomely. I attended Starkweather School, in Plymouth, Michigan; my grandfather was the president of the Plymouth school board when the building was constructed, and he visited the site almost daily to make sure that Starkweather School would be usable for two hundred years, anyway. Nowadays, however, the zealots for school-construction talk in terms of obsolescence before the kindergarteners of a school's dedicatory year are middle-aged.

Similar examples of failure to use adequate existing buildings can be found in nearly every county: I think of a satisfactory school condemned by the school board in my county seat of Big Rapids, for instance; or of another in Sea Cliff, Long Island. This is not to deny that in suburbs with a rapidly increasing population, new schools must be built. But no community I have visited—and I travel in twenty or twenty-five states each year—seems to be failing to provide such new school facilities. Sometimes the local taxpayers complain at the cost; but they would not be any happier if the money were raised through federal income tax and then filtered back, diminished, to their districts.

This is as true of state and municipal universities and colleges as it is of primary and secondary schools. One Middlewestern state university uses its average classroom only 3.24 hours *per week*—and yet the educationists raise a cry that our colleges must have federal money if they are to have classrooms sufficient to train the rising generation of collegians. (One reason for this slight and inefficient use of college classrooms is the refusal of students to attend classes except on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings; they want afternoons, Tuesdays, Thursdays and week-ends free so that they can work gainfully—and buy new sports-cars.) How long would a factory or hotel stay in business that used its plant, or much of it, only 3.24 hours per week? And who but a professional educationist would have the effrontery, under such circumstances, to demand federal subsidies for *more* empty classrooms?

Empty College Dormitories

The case for federal loans to build college dormitories often is no better. The "rising tide of enrollments" already has ebbed on many campuses: at Purdue, for instance, I am told, expensive dormitories built last year are standing empty. Nor has anyone ever really proved that colleges could not obtain adequate building loans from banks or from state governments.

If there is no demonstrable need for more classrooms, why do the educationist lobbies continue to exert tremendous pressure for federal subsidies? For several reasons, I think: I suggest some of the more revealing. 1) The public, and even some school administrators, have become aware that all is not as it should be in our schools. This disturbs the educationist hierarchy; and one way to avoid any important reform of theory or curriculum is to get up a deafening din about inadequacies of *plant*. 2) Americans have become so accustomed to measuring progress in material terms that many school board members seem to mistake bricks and mortar for improvement of imagination and reason. 3) To justify its existence, a political lobby has to get up some sort of agitation; and the educational lobbyists go on repeating the slogans of yesteryear.

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Collectivism on the Hook

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

W. W. Rostow is an interesting case. As an economist he bears the stigmata of the modern institutionalist: he likes to work with huge aggregates, and he believes in statistical correlations, not in logical inferences that depend on relating statistics to a correct theory of the nature of man. In his *The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto* (Cambridge, cloth, $3.75; paper, $1.45), the correlations are interesting up to a point. But the work, though highly suggestive, falls somehow short of proving much of anything. Rostow always seems on the verge of asking pertinent questions, but his institutional apparatus continually gets in his way. He can give you the time table for the emergence of various nations from the "traditional society" into readiness for the "drive to maturity," for this is something that can be read on the graphs. But as to first causes he is singularly dumb.

Professor Rostow was impelled to write this book because of his dissatisfaction with Marxist theory. Marx and Lenin had assumed that capitalism must make the rich richer and the poor poorer, with the capitalist nations ultimately falling out with each other over the question of exploiting the colonial areas. It didn't turn out precisely that way. True enough, the rich got richer, but the poor got richer, too—and if the nations fought, it was more for reasons of ego-gratification than it was for anything that might be connected with economic necessity. To take power in Russia, Lenin had to jettison the old Marxist trust in the revolutionary *élan* of the proletariat in favor of dependence on a small band of professional wreckers. Lenin succeeded by doing the same things that Kemal Ataturk did in Turkey or Chiang Kai-shek (and later Mao) in China: he got there fustest with the mostest. Rostow sees this very clearly.

Having demonstrated the wrongness of traditional Marxism, Rostow tries to come up with a counter-theory that is rooted in economics, not in power considerations. In so doing he risks being made a monkey of by some future Lenin of the space age. And quite aside from its vulnerability on this score, Rostow's theory is so generalized that one wonders just what it is designed to prove.

Briefly, Rostow argues that technology is international, and that its application on a global scale must eventually bring all the nations from the "take-off" period to the "age of high mass-consumption" and beyond. Compound interest as applied to the creation of machine tools which beget other machine tools could, in Rostow's view, result in such a diffusion of economic power that nobody would stand to gain by indulging even in the most minor sort of limited warfare. Presumably people would be too busy driving around in compact cars, eating out of deep freezes and retiring to the local Rivieras at age 60 to be susceptible to the romanticism of warmongers.

But if the "stages of growth" are to bring all the regions to the same warless consumers' paradise by the year 2,000 A.D., the theory presupposes that dictators everywhere will get off the backs of their subjects without much of a murmur. Personally, I can see this happening in small countries that are not implicated in the business of balancing power on a world scale. In an Argentina that is "a dagger pointed at the heart of the Antarctic continent," or in a Mexico that can never hope to regain Texas or the Gadsden Purchase from the Colossus of the North, I can visualize the withering of Statism and the enthronement of the consumer. Revolutionaries in Mexico are becoming bourgeois because there is more fun in entrepreneurship than there is in political control. But the huge collectivisms of Russia and China are something else again. Having pounded their populaces into submission in the first place, how are the collectivist dictators to yield on the point of consumer satisfaction without proving the hollowness of everything they have been doing? And dare they admit hollowness?

FURTHERMORE, Rostow's theory presupposes that the collectivist systems can, at some point, begin to utilize compound interest to solve their food supply problems, thus releasing agricultural labor to the factories. But this is precisely what is not happening in Soviet Russia or in China, where manpower is so locked up in incentiveless farm systems that no man-hours are available either to produce refrigerators and automobiles or to feed the populations necessary to their production. Rostow might reply that collectivism can mechanize their agriculture and so get off the hook of the manpower problem. But Soviet Russia has long had tractor stations and is still plagued by agrarian inefficiency. The Soviet economy is always having to corral young men and women from the cities to work in Kazakhstan, which does not augur well for the future of the Soviet air-conditioning business.

On Rostow's own showing, the British arrived at their industrial "take-off" position in the late eighteenth century only after an agricultural revolution had been carried through. By increasing the yields of the English eastern counties, "Turnip" Townsend and other inventive English husbandmen brought their country to the point where it could feed a factory population. And in the U. S., the agricultural surplus pre-dated

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the rise of the city. No doubt the wheat lands of the Western world could do much to feed Russia and China today. But the motive to do so must remain absent when the only things which the Soviets and the Maoists have to export in exchange for wheat is hatred for the bourgeois world.

Rostow assumes that technology is something that is to be had for the asking, without relation to the nature of the political systems that propose to domesticate it. But nations under the domination of central planning invariably succeed in getting the wrong sort of technological development first. They ask for steel mills—and then discover that hungry peasants provide no markets for steel in usable shapes. They sweat their people in order to get foreign exchange for big generators—and then learn to their dismay that nobody can afford mazda bulbs, let alone radio sets. So the "take-off" in the central planning countries never really results in a "drive to maturity" save in the production of instruments of war.

What Rostow misses is that central planning economies are inevitably parasitic on free economies. Central planners can barter for the products that have come out of the spout of James Watt's teakettle, but in order to develop the steam engine in the first place Watt needed the franchise of a free university in Glasgow and the stimulus of a market that could opt to absorb his machinery without asking the permission of a political boss. The Russians have been able to buy and, later, imitate the machinery needed to make tractors and automobiles. But dictatorships notoriously produce no Henry Fords.

Rostow's "stages of growth" theory ignores the whole problem of innovation. It is a defective theory precisely because it is grounded in the macroeconomics of statistical aggregates, not in the individual economics of human freedom. The exercise of the innovative power in free nations must make for international trouble until the big dictatorships—with their fears of the innovators—have been toppled, either in war or by political pressure brought from the outside. The dictatorships are not going to wither away out of any mere desire on the part of Joe Slob of Moscow or Peiping for a Volkswagen or an electric dishwasher.

De Gaulle: Colonel and General

THOMAS MOLNAR

THE IMPRESSION one receives of General de Gaulle from the description of those who know him is that of an Olympian arbiter, listening to all and judging with an irreversible firmness. On the other hand, the aloof figure, enigmatic in the presence of American Presidents, Soviet ambassadors, Algerian crowds, has been described as everything from an empiricist in politics, yet uncompromisingly principled, to an old-fashioned nationalist blind to ideologies. And speaking to a magazine editor, he once referred to himself as "the only true revolutionary in France."

It is not impossible that all these contradictory impressions and judgments are encouraged by de Gaulle himself, who once wrote that "there can be no prestige without mystery." And there is no question that in his case puzzlement does not weaken admiration for him or lessen the awe he inspires. For in spite of his many and surprising facets, his is a figure made of one metal, and by all accounts it is a noble one.

This is immediately evident to the reader of his books, whether *The Edge of the Sword* (Criterion, $3.50) written 28 years ago and now published for the first time here, or the new third volume of his memoirs, *Salvation* (Simon and Schuster, $6.00). The earlier work, a slim volume of some 130 pages, is not likely to become popular in America. In spite of its sincerity, it is the book of an aloof man, of a moralist in the tradition of Vigny, and it is animated by a kind of dry passion; the worldly-wise, half-melancholy sentences reflect the mind of a solitary man. But let us make no mistake: it is a strong book, for de Gaulle's thesis is precisely that leadership and loneliness are twin aspects of the same destiny.

Even if we knew nothing of this destiny, Colonel de Gaulle's book would make us anticipate the weight of his later role as General. There is, first and always, his devotion to France; through this mystical love the *patrie* becomes for de Gaulle a person, now weak and exhausted, then joyful and trusting. He unites in himself the nationalism of Maurras and Péguy, with a touch of Barrès added, and like these models he may be partisan, but he is never narrow.

The Edge of the Sword starts out with the observation that France is weak and carefree with victory (in 1918)—safely pocketed by the respectable. But since danger is never too far from the gates, the army must be vigilant, attract to itself strong and devoted men, and develop a philosophy of leadership by which it may save the country when the occasion again arises. De Gaulle's early convictions ranged him with Bernanos, Drieu, Massis, etc., who saw in Maurras the chief inspirer of an elite. "Into what mad or irresponsible hands might force not fall if its control were relinquished by a wise and highly trained directorate?"

But de Gaulle soon realized that no such directorate existed at the time, or, rather, that there were several contending ones. It shows his general contempt for parties, movements and ideologies, and also his sound instinct, that he joined none of the prophets but knew how to become one, and where to begin, when the moment came. In 1940 he was unknown and obscure; but he had the immense advantage of not being a party man; aristocrats and radicals, rightists and leftists, could accept him as the leader who showed the army and the nation a way out of their humiliation.

IT IS remarkable that the ideas in *The Edge of the Sword* were developed many years before de Gaulle was given a chance to act in their spirit. Thus they are the fruit less of experience than of a sure intuition, a feel of coming events, a premonition of destiny. Of course, experience came to confirm them and elevate

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them to the level of wisdom. *Salvation,* like the first two volumes of de Gaulle's memoirs, shows the same man working for the same purpose, recognizing that "no experience changes the nature of man, as no crisis changes the nature of States."

Three problems preoccupied de Gaulle as he and France emerged from World War II. First, France and Europe between the two great empires, the United States and the Soviet Union, each embodying, in their different ways, an ideology. It is said that de Gaulle does not understand ideologies; the truth is that he considers them ultimately not self-sustaining goals but instruments of national interests. He detected this concern in Rooosevelt and Stalin, both impatient to play the role on the world stage that power and ideology had prepared for their nations.

The second preoccupation was the emancipation of the colored nations. From the context of his own struggle he understood that when the colonies had to come to the rescue of the mother country, when Brazzaville kept hope alive in France, the hour had struck. "The West must understand this emancipation and must want it. But it is necessary that it should not take place without us, against us. Otherwise the transformation of these nations would only result in xenophobia, misery and anarchy."

The third concern was for France's political structure and future. As in 1932, so in 1958, de Gaulle believed in a strong State to counterbalance the naturally rebellious inclinations of his countrymen: "The State must have a head in whom the nation might see, above the flux of events, the man in charge of the essential, and the guarantor of its destiny. The executive power, destined to serve the interests of the whole community, should not be responsible to parliament where the delegates of particular interests assemble." This concept has found expression in the new French constitution.

Salvation ends with the General's resignation as Prime Minister in January 1946. Many theories have been formulated to explain this sudden withdrawal. The answer, once more, may be found in *The Edge of the Sword*: "It constantly happens that men with an unbroken record of success and public applause suddenly lay the burden down." The life line between leader and nation snaps, the temptation of loneliness proves stronger than the call of destiny.

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An American Comedy

FINIS FARR

Forty-five years ago, Ring W. Lardner introduced his singularly realistic baseball player, the letter-writing busher Jack Keefe, to an enchanted public in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post.* Lardner made the letters so convincing that readers were able to believe the busher would find time, while competing for a pitcher's berth on the Chicago White Sox, to write full accounts of his experiences for a pal back in Terre Haute. A new generation now may experience this suspension of disbelief by reading the second reissue of *You Know Me Al* (Scribner, $3.75). It is an American classic.

This busher had natural talent, along with a fast ball like that of Walter Johnson. On the other hand, he was too conceited to learn to field his position, and too fat to do it effectively even if he had been willing to learn. His overweight came from indulgence in beer and liquor, and greed at the table so great that the sardonic Kid Gleason, a veteran coach, remarked that Keefe ate the entire menu including the name of the hotel.

Kid Gleason was a real person, as were such baseball men as the club owner Charles Comiskey, Ty Cobb, Jack Doyle, John McGraw of the Giants, Christy Mathewson, and several others introduced by Lardner as characters in the story. Nearing the end of his career, Mathewson met the busher during an exhibition series. Keefe had a bad afternoon and gave the excuse of a sore arm, later reporting to his friend: "He says I wisht I had a sore arm like yourn and a little sence with it and was your age and I would not never lose a game so you see Al he has heard about me and is jellus . . ."

What keeps Jack Keefe alive after forty-five years, when so many pretentious characters are buried and forgotten? It is more than slapstick and illiteracy, for Lardner is obviously a better artist than the traditional comic-spelling humorists who used the pseudonyms Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby, and Bill Nye. And one must put Jack Keefe in a higher class than Finley Peter Dunne's Mister Dooley, who has somehow become unreadable. It is apparent that the busher is, in his way, a thoroughbred, with important literary ancestors. Some of his immediate forebears, as it happens, can be found readily enough in the works of the Indiana humorist, George Ade. Without taking credit from Lardner, it is easy to see Jack Keefe's family resemblance to the smalltown drummers and sporting men of whom Ade liked to write in *People You Know* and *Fables in Slang.* Keefe is made of the same material as Mr. Piker, who once stood to win $1,340 at the races; or Art Tibbetts, who arrived in the city wearing a copper butterfly for a scarfpin, and a suit of clothes that was intended for a brakeman, carrying in his lapel a button photograph of the girl who worked in the millinery store.

Ade and Lardner share descent from a very distinguished ancestor, the Mark Twain who wrote the first half of *Huckleberry Finn,* an acknowledged high point in American fiction. Both Ade and Lardner may be honorably compared with Twain for clear and accurate use of the American vernacular. And in at least one important matter, Lardner's judgment was considerably better than Twain's: Lardner would never have rung in a Tom Sawyer to take the play away from Huck and spoil his story's mood. When Tom Sawyer reappears, *Huckleberry Finn* goes off the track. But the story of Jack Keefe runs straight and true to the end.

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The Anatomy of a Confusion

STANLEY PARRY

To the objective observer the United States offers a remarkably confused political picture. It is a constitutionally limited State, with unlimited authority; it is a Federal State, without truly independent subdivisions; it is anti-majoritarian in principle, but defends its policies on the grounds of majority support. These policies, in turn, are determined largely by an effectively sovereign elite, most of whom do not hold elective office but who honestly subscribe to the theory that the people ought to be sovereign.

Willmoore Kendall's book, *John Locke and the Doctrine of Majority Rule* (University of Illinois Press, $2.50), goes a long way toward an analysis of these confusions. It examines the thought of a man whose thought is still revered and still influential. And it identifies the assumption, unexamined because unexpressed, that conceals the confusions both of Locke and of modern America. The book was first published as a learned monograph in 1941. Now, in a paperback reprint, it deserves a reading by citizens who are sufficiently concerned about current difficulties to follow a demanding book's examination of the labyrinthine reflections of the thinker who is generally considered to be the theorist of the American Constitution.

One could conceivably read this book as an iconoclastic or as a revisionist look at John Locke, for it is both. But the real aim of the work is to fix with precision the nature of the doctrine of majority rule as that doctrine evolved out of the more general theory that the *whole people* ought to be sovereign. Kendall insists that what is at issue is not some pragmatic rule of thumb for voting procedures, but "the *theory* according to which political power should be vested in a numerical majority of the 'people'." This theory ascribes to the majority a right to rule that is moral in its quality and unlimited in its scope: whatever the majority decides has a claim to the unstinted obedience of the whole people. Moreover, it is exclusive: it brands as unjust any alternate way of making decisions or any attempts to limit the scope of the majority's right. The revisionist and iconoclastic aspect of the book may be found in its documented claim that John Locke taught this doctrine of majority rule. The constructive contribution of the book lies in the light it casts on the theory of majority rule, by showing that Locke could consistently hold it and also hold the positions traditionally attributed to him.

Kendall is not simplistic in his analysis of Locke. He agrees with the traditional interpretation of Locke as an individualist, a strong natural rights champion, a defender of the objective content of moral law, and a proponent of responsible government. But he adds that there is a collectivist side to Locke's thought—and this he underscores. It is, he claims, equally clear and explicit in the *Treatise on Civil Government* that Locke upholds the natural and moral right of the majority to define the rights of citizens, and to enforce responsibility on government. In fact, so natural and moral is this right that the "social contract" entered into by each individual in the Lockean society consists precisely in an unlimited agreement to be ruled by the decisions of the majority. Within this analysis, it would have been easy to charge Locke with a simple but profound inconsistency in thus proposing both unlimited authority and natural rights, responsible government and uncontrolled majority rule. But Locke is not inconsistent in the final analysis. And it is the essential contribution of Kendall's analysis that he discovers in Locke the basic assumption which reconciles these two apparently antithetical positions.

Locke achieves consistency with one assumption which he leaves latent

Random Notes

Books announced for late summer and early fall: *Deterrent or Defense*, subtitled "A Fresh Look at the West's Military Position," by B. H. Liddell Hart (Praeger) . . . . *The Smut Peddlers* (Doubleday), announced as a study of "the case for and against censorship," by James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the *Richmond News-Leader* and a contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW . . . . Ernest Hemingway's first new book since *The Old Man and The Sea* (1952), a memoir of his early years as a writer (Scribner) . . . . *The Liberal Hour*, by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton).

ABC-TV announces for the fall a weekly series of 30-minute broadcasts based upon the War Memoirs of Sir Winston Churchill. . . . Gore Vidal (author of *The Best Man*), turning from the theater to Liberal politics, is running on the Democratic ticket in the 29th Congressional District of New York against J. Ernest Wharton, the incumbent Republican who boasts a 0 per cent voting record on the ADA's score card. . . . Marlon Brando will star in Universal's long-delayed movie version of *The Ugly American*, under the direction of George Englund.

Coexistence à la mode. André Maurois, French biographer and historian and Louis Aragon, French Communist poet, are collaborating on a "parallel history" of the United States and the Soviet Union, from 1917 to 1960, to be published in 1962 in 17 languages. It is reported that the project was dreamt up in the halls of UNESCO, and that Khrushchev will write an introduction to Aragon's section.

Commissioner of What? Questioned on his opinion of the action of Miami's Director of High Schools—removing Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984* from the senior English course list—Dr. Lawrence Gridley Derthick, the U. S. Commissioner of Education, replied: "I've never heard of those books, and I don't think it would be prudent of me to discuss them." F. S. M.

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in his thought, the assumption that the majority always wills that which is right. It is crucial on this point to note the difference between this proposition and a totally different one, namely, that right *is* whatever the majority wills. Locke could never have held the latter position, for it is incompatible with his clear insistence that right is a matter of objective truth, not of subjective will. But it is basic to his entire theory of the state of nature and the origin of the State that men are essentially moral and rational in their behavior. Given this premise about the nature of men, it is possible to think as he does of the right of the majority of such moral and rational men. Thus it turns out that the real defect in Locke is to be found, not in inconsistency, but in his failure to examine the validity of his assumption about the rationality of men, the assumption on which the consistency of his thought depends.

Now Kendall does not make the point, but a great deal of light can be thrown on the contemporary political scene if we think of men as acting on the latent Lockean premise, although applying it in a different way. If it is assumed that the majority always wills what is right, it can easily be concluded that whatever we know to be right is therefore the will of the majority, *i.e.*, has popular support. On this basis there is no real need to consult the people to discover whether or not they approve of current civil rights policy, social welfare, pacifism, and all the rest. Since no moral man could conceivably oppose these policies, the explicit claim goes, then the majority of men must be for them—so the implicit assumption follows.

It would seem logical to suppose that the need for popular consultation would diminish when one can discover public opinion and even world opinion by consulting the solitary voice of one's own conscience. But the opposite has occurred. Since majorities do not always come up with the right answer (don't, for instance, elect Stevenson), it must be because the good people are not voting. Consequently we have drives to get out the vote, to motivate the "good" people. Or, majorities sometimes support bad people (McCarthy) and consequently we have movements against bad leaders. The ideal election, on this assumption, is one in which the people have a choice between two "right" positions (between Rockefeller and Kennedy). Finally, since the Constitution is by definition right, and since the people always will that the Constitution be followed, those who really know what is right and act on that knowledge have behind them the sanction of both the Constitution and the people. And this is true even when those in the right have soldiers enforce the law upon the people at bayonet point. The point to be made here is that by virtue of leaving the key Lockean premise latent, all sorts of practical idiocy becomes possible.

Unfortunately, Kendall's book does not help much when we attempt to analyze Locke's latent premise about majorities. As he leaves the question, the danger is that the analysis will get involved in an abstract discussion of the general rationality of majority decisions. Within this context one is tempted to find the doctrine of majority rule absolutely untenable.

The point not made by Kendall, the omission of which leaves the discussion of majority rule confused, is that Locke's majority is composed of faceless, abstract individuals who live in a society unstructured by history and floating on a set of abstract principles. That is to say, Locke makes his assumption about the society that never existed and could not exist. A realistic discussion of majority rule must inquire into the conditions under which majorities can be trusted. For majorities are like monarchs and aristocrats; under certain conditions they are trustworthy, under other conditions they are not. The real issue about majority rule is to identify the circumstances under which majorities can be trusted. We do find a confrontation of this issue in Kendall's writing during the nineteen years since this book was written. And the burden of this later writing suggests that modern American theory and policy tends to create the circumstances under which majorities are autocratic.

Theater

Watch on the Mississippi

NOEL E. PARMENTEL JR.

Toys in the Attic brings Lillian Hellman, one of the most talented and exasperating writers for the contemporary American stage, back to Broadway for the first time in almost a decade. *Toys* is doing smash business at the Hudson, and got the lion's share of this year's Antoinette Perry Critics' Circle pie. Because Miss Hellman's *The Little Foxes* was the bellwether of the whole leprous-magnolia school, she must be accorded a little *carte blanche*. Who dares tell Mulligan that there are too many potatoes in the stew?

What goes on at the Hudson is a little Hegelian homily about the evils attendant upon sudden wealth. The victims are the members of a middle-class New Orleans family: two doting old maids who are deranged by the return of their heretofore ne'er-do-well brother. For years, these sweetly devoted sisters have saved their money in order to finance their incompetent brother in various ill-advised enterprises. When they aren't out saving money, they're sitting around dreaming of leisure and of a trip to Europe, to be their reward when Julian finally makes his tycoon badge. When Julian actually does show up with a pocketful of loot, he destroys their very *raison d'être*. The trip becomes an imminent threat rather than the golden dream it had been, and the old maids take steps to restore things to the *status quo ante* and to return the prodigal to their apron strings. The restoration, however, is accompanied by a little stress and strain, and things can never, of course, be quite the same again. If it seems to you you've heard that song before, you have. To the tune of that old Middle-Eastern folk ballad, *Mene, Mene, Tekel,* with the words and arrangements here by Karl Marx and Siggie Freud.

As Miss Carrie, the younger Bernier sister, Maureen Stapleton does not quite come off. Despite an arduous apprenticeship in Tennessee Williams plays, she has never really been at home in the cornpone belt, and her attempted *tour de force* here, from a

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Helen Hokinson lady to a down-at-heels Lady Macbeth, is something short of convincing. When her sister charges Carrie with an incestuous yen for Brother Julian, Miss Carrie's reaction is out of a comic-strip deodorant advertisement. An accomplished comedienne, Miss Stapleton is better in her lighter moments, making it seem that her future in the theater would lie in this direction.

As Julian, Jason Robards has an alarming tendency to lapse into old roles, some of them not even his own. In the first act, when he and his idiot child-bride have just returned from Chicago, he gives the appearance of having prepped for his role by understudying, God help us, Rip Torn's Chance Wayne in *Sweet Bird of Youth*. Later, when he starts handing around presents, he is, right down to the nines, old Hickey. Toward the end, Robards does a little better, bringing his gifts to bear directly upon the confused Julian—not an easy role. Robards' Hickey in the Circle in the Square *Iceman* was surely one of the most electrifying performances ever given by an American actor. He has never approached this edge again, and one wonders if his great talents have been squandered on a one-shot performance.

Anne Revere, as Miss Anna, is simply Anne Revere. Time may wither and custom stale, but Anne Revere marches on; from *National Velvet* to *The World of Sholem Aleichem*, she never left Wellesley. Rochelle Oliver, as Julian's child-bride, is perhaps the most distressing member of the cast. Late of Brooklyn College, she is determined to have a Southern accent—mercifully overlooked by Robards, Miss Stapleton and Miss Revere. Miss Oliver's accent, unfortunately, comes out pure vintage-peckerwood rather than the upper-class New Orleans drawl she had in mind. She seems, in addition, to have just seen a Joanne Woodward Ophelia. She trades in her wedding ring for a knife, and struts around the set like a road-company Clytemnestra. I fully expected to see her limp form floating down Bayou St. John, garlanded with hyacinths. As her rich mother, Irene Worth adds to the confusion. If Miss Oliver's accent was uptown redneck, Miss Worth's is English country gentlewoman, all lavender and good tweeds.

Offstage are two characters germane to the plot. One is dat ole debbil capitalist, Lawyer Cyrus Walkins; the other, his bride. Lawyer Walkins, as double-dyed a villain as any since Desperate Desmond, gets his kicks by cheating, duping, and preying upon innocents, as well as by beating his wife. Somebody, however, is putting one over on him. His bride not only has a spot of coffee in her milk, but is also a *soupçon* unfaithful to Lawyer, the brute. Lawyer finally gets the word, by way of a telephone call from Ophelia, and has his bride shivved up by a gang of hoodlums, proving there ain't no justice in the deep South for ladies with a touch of the tarbrush. Proving, in fact, that an inexorably left-wing God is still in Miss Hellman's heaven, and all's wrong with this world.

Toys in the Attic is, from Lillian Hellman, a distinct disappointment. The contrived plot would have done credit to Carlton E. Morse. All the stock Southern jokes are here, as well as the usual bits about impotence, incest, insanity, nymphomania, drug addiction and miscegenation. Despite the poverty of this material, Lillian Hellman again proves that she can write lines and move characters, talents alien to most of this year's alleged playwrights. Within the limitations of the vehicle, Arthur Penn's direction is sure and professional; Marc Blitzstein contributes a pretty good tune, "Bernier Day," sung rather well by Jason Robards. The play remains, however, second-rate Hellman—and the fact that even second-rate Hellman is better than almost anything else around is a comment not upon Miss Hellman but upon the poverty of the season.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

COMMUNISM IN AMERICAN POLITICS, by David J. Saposs (Public Affairs Press, $5.00). The American Communist Party, born among Yiddish-and Slavic-speaking Socialists during World War I, has never spoken the language of the electorate. Of course, it has tried, and Liberal opportunitists have helped by giving their far-Left comrades the benefit of the doubt. The Red Trojan Horse was trundled into Liberal parties in California, Minnesota and Washington state, but inevitably ended by capturing itself only. Creation of the American Labor Party in New York in 1936 (word from the White House mobilized Democrats to round up 50,000 signatures needed to put the ALP on the ballot) was possible because such Popular Fronters as Sidney Hillman and Mike Quill believed they could follow the main chance and Moscow's line simultaneously. They belatedly learned they could not. But the glory days of politicking with Communists were behind sponge-brained Henry Wallace, whose attitude toward his seeming followers was aptly expressed by fellow traveler Jo Davidson: "We Liberals cannot waste time kicking out the Communists. If we did, we would not have time to put over our constructive policies." The Wallaceites went the way of all dupes, but their unfulfilled yearnings are a potential Communist asset. Though his prose has the plodding sincerity of a trade-union resolution, David Saposs has done his homework diligently. Some present-day "anti-Communist" Liberals may wish he had not. R. WHALEN

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON, Report of the USSR Academy of Sciences (Pergamon Press, $2.50). Soviet space triumphs have to date produced only three kinds of scientific data: "confirmation" of Western findings, results obtainable in simple laboratory tests, and disclosures so vague as to be meaningless. This report of the Kremlin's alleged feat of photographing the far side of the moon is of the third variety. Samples: a "powerful" rocket of "improved" design, using "high-calorie" fuel and guided by a "precise" control system, was put into picture-taking position by "appropriate choice of its path." Then "an optical unit" pointed "the photographic apparatus," according to "a specified program." "Special" protection of the film, "high efficiency" transmission methods, "special" TV equipment, and "various means" of eliminating ground interference added up to "an automatic programmed control system," insuring "the correct operation of the whole apparatus." The report, in sum, is precisely what we should by now expect to issue from Soviet achievements in space—a transparent farce. M. S. EVANS

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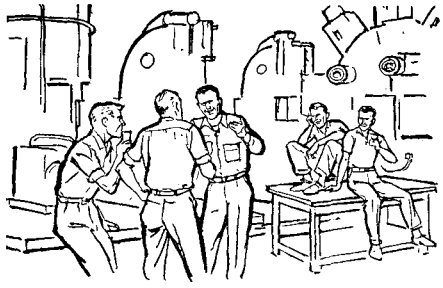

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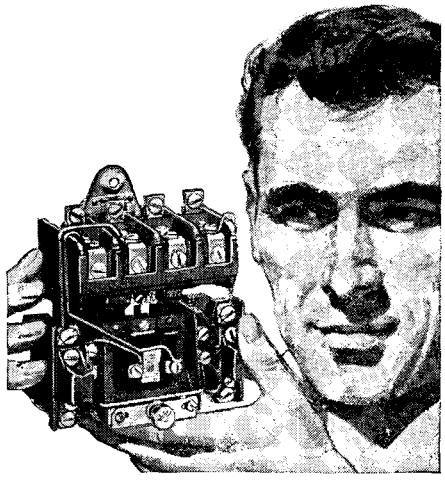

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To the Editor

One Way or Round Trip?

The following letter was mailed today to President Eisenhower:

"Dear Mr. President: I enclose the kind of letter I would be delighted to have you write to your erstwhile Camp David guest, Khrushchev, prior to meeting him at Paris . . . as outlined by James Burnham in NATIONAL REVIEW [May 7].

"If you don't write such a letter, I beg you not to go.

"If you go anyway, without writing such a letter, please don't return."

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON JR.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Captive Nations Week

Last year, Captive Nations Week became an official American observance. This so touched the nerve center of Communism that Khrushchev protested loud and often. The danger now is that some leaders might be happy to let the first anniversary slip by with little or no ceremony. After all, a sincere and popular promotion of Captive Nations Week might lead the Kremlin to believe that we Americans prefer the resisting spirit of captive peoples to the spirit of Camp David. It might at that!

Leo E. Dobriansky, one of the originators of the Captive Nations Resolution (Public Law 86-90), has set up at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., an organization called the National Committee on Captive Nations Week Observance. With our immediate support this group should succeed in effective national, state and local observance of the first anniversary, July 17-23.

Bronx, N. Y. ED. J. CANAVAN

Mr. Cousins Replies

In your item under the heading, "Our Spies Report" [April 9], you say that when we [*Saturday Review*] saw the review by Professor David Rowe of the book, *The China Lobby*, we killed it, giving as our excuse the fact that we never ask anyone to review a book in which the reviewer is mentioned. W.F.B. adds a parenthetical comment: "Balderdash."

We had no fault to find with the review. Professor Rowe sent us a detailed, carefully written review which fully justifies his standing in the field. We sent him the book because we felt he knew the subject as well as anyone in the country. What we did not know at the time we sent him the book was that he was attacked in the book. Professor Rowe is not to be held accountable for our error. He wrote the review in good faith.

I don't think it is sound reviewing policy to send a book to a person who is under attack in the book itself—unless we have a symposium review, which is an entirely different matter. Suppose we had sent a book by Mr. Buckley to a reviewer who was denounced by Mr. Buckley in the book. Suppose, after we discovered this fact, we decided to ask someone else to review the book. Would Mr. Buckley be indignant or would he feel we had tried to play fair?

Incidentally, in writing to Professor Rowe about his review, our literary editor asked him to suggest an alternate reviewer, which he did.

New York City NORMAN COUSINS

Featherbedding: A Final Say

In my letter to NATIONAL REVIEW pertaining to the debate on railroad featherbedding, which was published January 30, 1960, I said I believed there should be a much wider pro-and-con knowledge of this subject, before a definite opinion is formed.

In NATIONAL REVIEW of March 26, 1960 there appeared a delayed comment on my letter, by "J.B.P." of Sharon, Conn. Without any basis of fact, "J.B.P." said, "the lady is misinformed or unwilling to face the facts" and "repeats the timeworn emotional argument that firemen are needed on diesel locomotives for reasons of safety."

I am aware that railroad management does not propose at this time to remove firemen from passenger trains. I hope "J.B.P." will not consider me "emotional" when I say that I believe the lives of the train crews are also important. If the term, "safety," when related to the use of firemen on diesels connotes "emotionalism," as indicated by my Sharon critic, one may deduce that our airlines are getting quite

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"emotional" in their concern for "safety," as many of them are, at this time, adding a third man, an engineer.

I have read a volume of material from both management and labor, and both sides agree that there cannot be an impasse. To bring agreement there will have to be bargaining and, no doubt, concessions on both sides. Railroads are the backbone of American transportation; transportation is the lifeline of commerce, industry and military security.

Most railroad employees agree that work rules must be revised and recognize that railroads must find some way to cut costs in their competitive fight for life against trucks, buses, water transportation and airplanes. Guy L. Brown, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, has said, "Railroad employees need a prosperous industry as much as management does." H. E. Gilbert, President of Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen, has said: "Work rules must be revised and modernized to reflect the locomotive fireman's current contribution to the industry." When multiple unit diesel locomotives first came into use, many railroads used two firemen, or a fireman and a mechanic, to insure complete monitoring of all units. Today, generally, one fireman does the whole job.

In the recommendation to dispense with all firemen in diesel cabs of freight and yard trains, the most widely quoted suggestion seems to be that the head-end brakeman, who also rides in the diesel cab, take the present fireman's place. This suggestion was made by "J.B.P.," who added that "the presence of excess crewmen, leading to divided responsibility . . . is actually a safety hazard." I will reverse that question and ask my Sharon correspondent what he or she would say about one man (a brakeman) dividing his responsibility between three jobs—as brakeman, assistant engineman for any mechanical breakdown, and actual engineer at the throttle in relief periods for the engineer? Would that not be a safety hazard?

I asked several practical railroaders this question: "Would there be any guarantee that while the train is moving, the head-end brakeman would never have to leave the diesel cab?" I was told, "Most certainly not, there could be several reasons why the head-end brakeman would have to leave the diesel cab—to regulate retainer valves, a brakeman has to walk the full length of a moving train, sometimes 100 freight cars; the brakeman has to watch for 'hot' journal boxes, and when there is extra heavy tonnage, has to inspect and arrange for cut-offs the moment the train stops."

I would say that if the head-end brakeman were absent on any of these errands, it would be a great safety hazard, especially if at that moment the engineer happened to have a heart attack, at a moment when something went seriously wrong with the diesel mechanism, or at the moment the engineer was rounding a curve, at which time he can see nothing on the left side of the train, and would have to run it blind.

Under present rules brakemen do not have the rigid and detailed examinations firemen have, to prepare them for the job of engineer. Under present rules, a fireman is promoted to an engineer and brakemen are promoted to conductors. Under present rules, a brakeman would positively not be allowed to run an engine. If the brakeman is to take the fireman's place, there would have to be a complete revision of rules, a new set-up all along the line, and the brakeman would have to be retrained and re-educated.

As I said on January 30, twenty-three of our states have full-crew laws. This makes for considerable confusion when crossing state lines. Men have to be taken off or added, depending on the state. This situation should be rectified. There should be uniformity in state laws; there should also be uniformity in rules on our various railway lines.

Dickson Preston, who recently wrote a series of articles for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, said that railroaders average $2.50 an hour and that they have to pay their away-from-home expenses, which one trainman told him ran as high as $900 a year.

As to productivity, I have a senatorial report which says: "The Bureau of Labor statistics tells that the most productive group of workers in the country is railroad labor. The gains in productivity in recent years have outstripped those of the workers in any other industry."

I do not sympathize with the argument that because railroaders voluntarily adopt a career which involves great hardship and inconvenience in their lives and the lives of their families, such as working almost inhuman hours, and on Sundays and holidays, they should not be compensated for it. As to firemen, the answer may be to make gradual changes by "attrition," so that present workers can be assured continued employment.

Forest Hills, N. Y. MONICA BARRY

The case rests—ED.

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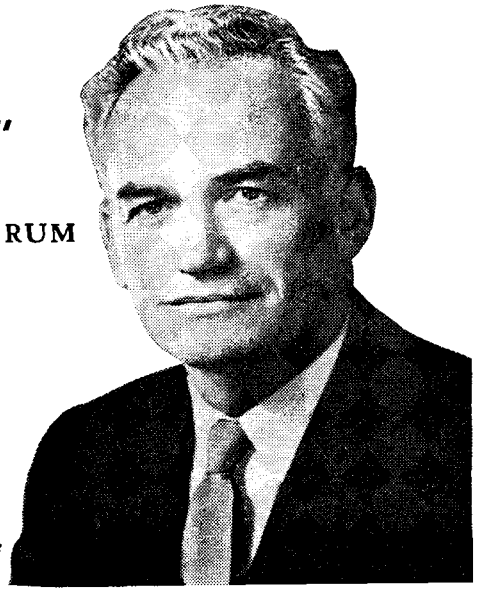

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Keep After Castro, Please

This is in answer to Mr. Heldegeth's letter in your May 7 issue. I hope you never get tired of writing about Castro. Your apt coverage proved invaluable to me as a reference when I wrote a term paper on Cuba.

Scarsdale, N. Y. KATY LITTLE

Morris: Why He Lost

If I didn't think your analysis of current events was excellent most of the time, I wouldn't be a subscriber. Your recent analysis of Robert Morris' loss to Clifford Case [May 7], however, appears to leave something to be desired. I'm very sorry that Robert Morris lost, not only because he is to me the hero of the IPR investigation, but also because conservatism as a whole lost—badly, I'm afraid. . . .

Did the campaign of Robert Morris really let the voters know they were choosing between a solid conservative and an ADA man? [It gave] the voters no choice between conservatism and liberalism, but between Case, who's an Eisenhower backer, and Morris, who doesn't even know that. Suppose Morris had been right [that Case did not support Eisenhower's program in the Senate]. Doesn't his charge imply that Case should support Ike? But is Ike conservative? Even if Case hadn't consistently supported him without losing ADA backing, that question is easy to answer. Ike himself says he's not.

In my opinion, Morris, not Case, clouded the conservative *vs.* liberal issue, and as a result he lost the election.

Atlanta, Ga. WILLIAM J. RICHTER JR.

The writer shared your disappointment in the defeat of Robert Morris. . . . I do not mean to disparage your viewpoint, but I cannot feel that New Jersey is a representative state. Taking out the New England states, New York and New Jersey still leaves a very sizable section of the country which is not so pro-British and international as the section in question.

. . . NATIONAL REVIEW is brief, newsy, to the point and very current.

Davenport, Iowa J. S. KIMMEL SR.

TV Press Conferences

Although my French is tourist-speed,
Not *à la* Eiffel Tower,
I comprehend de Gaulle, but need
To translate Eisenhower.

Jackson Heights, N. Y. M. W.

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THE FOURTH HOUSE

(Contined from p. 326)

idle curiosity, then a survey, then statistics; publication, discussion, and analysis of the statistics; identification of a weakness, a lack, a social maladjustment underlying the statistical description; declaration of a broad national goal that presupposes setting such maladjustment to rights; finally, federal action to cure the disease.

Chief Snoop's idle curiosity is the spark, and our acquiescence in his intrusion into our homes is the fuel, and the federal meddling in our daily commercial and family lives will be the conflagration in which our lives, as we used to live them, shall go up in smoke.

How I travel to my office, and what I do there, is my business, exactly and exclusively. To judge by the taxes exacted of me, my business must be doing all right.

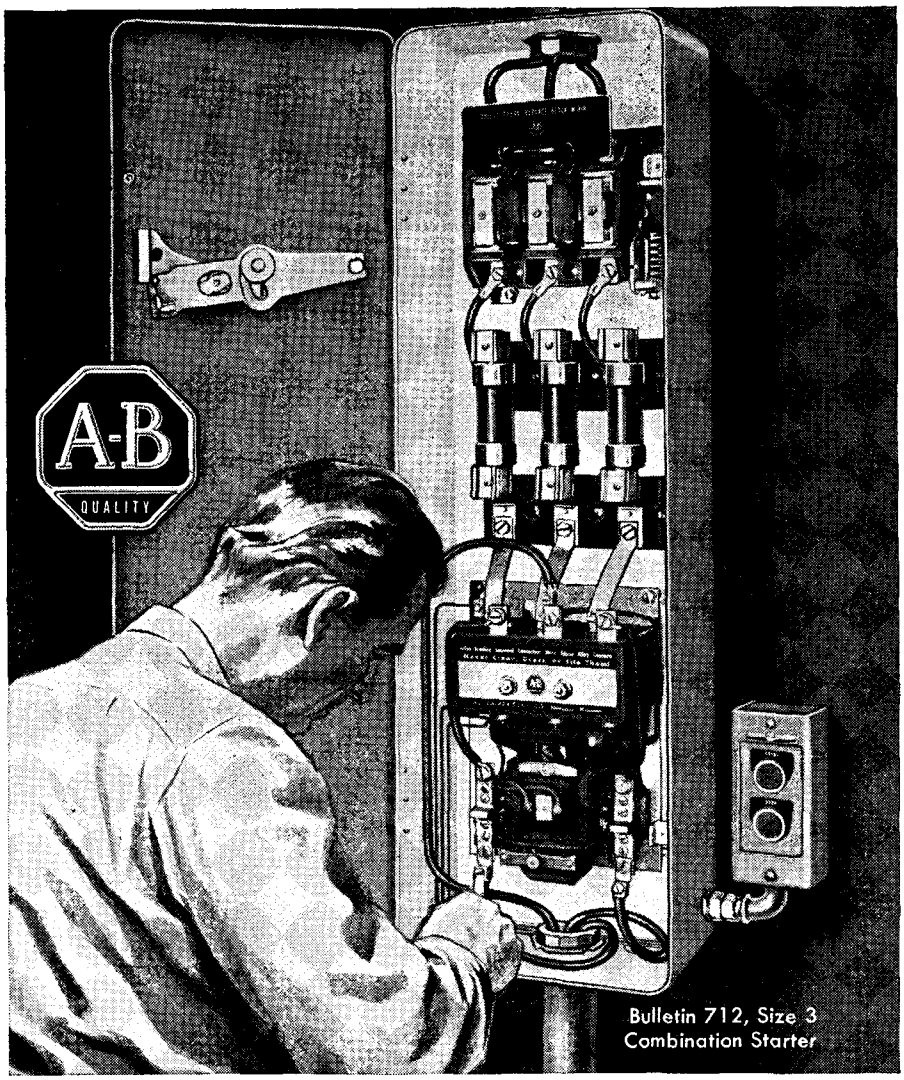
Governing vs. Meddling

The business of the federal republic is to establish justice, regulate the currency, and maintain defensive military power. To judge by the state of justice, money, and might in the land, the business of the federal government is collapsing. Whither has justice flown, when a South American mob exercises power of life or death over a condemned criminal cowering in California? What has happened to the currency as a measure or store of value, when I cannot purchase a decent car today for less than twice what I paid only seven years ago? Can we say we have an army or a navy when we refuse to avail ourselves of their protection at times when our citizens are jailed and persecuted by insolent foreign powers?

Instead of governing, the Snooper State is meddling. And the more it meddles in my business, the less it governs its own.

"Snooper Chief," I say to Mr. Burgess, "Snooper Chief, I plead the Fourth! You're so interested in my sewage, you'll be happy to know that I have sent you a sample under separate cover."

For the house that is fourth on Mr. Burgess' list comes first on my list. I stand in my home a private citizen; and here I shall stand, until the word threshold has lost its meaning.



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* *PRAVDA, March 21, 1960, commenting on U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater's views on foreign policy, expressed in his new book . . .*

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